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## NOTES.

WE have received the following telegram from our Editor, who is at present at Capetown:—"Rhodes's responsibility for Jameson's raid can be proved. Chamberlain's proposal to make Johannesburg autonomous pleases neither party. His interference is repudiated by Kruger, and he must be careful or he will endanger the reputation he has already gained." Part of this telegram has already been proved to be true. President Kruger has expressed himself in the plainest and most forcible language against Mr. Chamberlain's proposal, which the Colonial Secretary has already had to abandon. With regard to Mr. Rhodes's responsibility for the Jameson raid, the importance of the Editor's pronouncement on the subject cannot be over-estimated in view of Mr. Chamberlain's statement on Thursday night in the House of Commons:—"I say, to the best of my knowledge and belief, that everybody, that Mr. Rhodes, that the Chartered Company, that the Reform Committee of Johannesburg, and the High Commissioner were all equally ignorant of the intention or action of Dr. Jameson."

It is said that the other Directors of the Chartered Company were in mortal terror of the effect on Mr. Rhodes's violent temper which might be produced by attacks in Parliament and the Press. Mr. Maguire has as much influence with Mr. Rhodes as anybody; and the Board got Mr. Maguire to persuade Mr. Rhodes to go away at once, Mr. Maguire actually accompanying him as far as Paris.

The French papers are sarcastic over the sudden flight of the South African Napoleon. The "Temps" thinks that at present there is not room upon the stage for two actors of the size of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes. The "Figaro" is sceptical as to the real truth of the Jameson raid ever being found out. There will be, predicts our contemporary, "a limited inquiry which will satisfy nobody, but with which everybody will pretend to be entirely satisfied." There will be a Report, the mystery will remain unsolved, and the English will have shelved another "Panamino." How clever they are! We are inclined to agree with the "Figaro" that this is what will happen.

It must be assumed that Sir Jacobus de Wet has authority for his statement that President Kruger applied for assistance to Germany and France. If he did so apply, it was the only mistake President Kruger made. It was, of course, a very serious mistake; but it was just the kind of blunder a man might make in a moment of great excitement when he believed his country was being invaded by a large British force. This false step, a distinct breach of the Fourth Clause of the 1884 Convention, will give Mr. Chamberlain the

whip-hand in dealing with President Kruger, and entirely deprives the latter of the moral advantage he had gained by Dr. Jameson's madness, as Mr. Chamberlain not inappropriately calls it.

Lord Stanmore is one of Mr. Gladstone's hard bargains. He was given his peerage on the understanding that he would vote for the Home Rule Bill of 1892, which he did, and then voted and spoke steadily against the Radicals. As Sir Arthur Gordon he was an able Colonial Governor; but he made an intolerably long speech in the House of Lords in moving the Address of thanks on Tuesday, the tedium of which was not relieved by his irritating habit of clearing his throat at frequent intervals. By the way, Lord Rosebery, in his natural annoyance at finding himself confronted by Lord Stanmore, spoke of him "as being the last peer who, I think, was bequeathed to us on Mr. Gladstone's nomination." This is very interesting, because when there was an outcry about the peerages given three years after Mr. Gladstone's retirement to Mr. Williamson and Mr. Stern, we were assured by the Radical press, if not by Lord Rosebery himself, that they were legacies from Mr. Gladstone. There seems to be an infallible recipe for making Conservative converts, and next year we shall expect the Address to be moved by Lord Ashton and seconded by Lord Wandsworth.

We are sorry that we cannot join in the conventional compliments which were showered on the mover and seconder of the Address in the House of Commons by Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Balfour—so far, that is, as the seconder was concerned. Mr. Goschen, junior, indeed, discharged his duty in an inoffensive and modest manner. But Sir John Stirling-Maxwell yielded to the temptation of being smart and epigrammatic at the expense of his leaders. To describe the paragraph in Her Majesty's Speech which dealt with Venezuela as "a masterpiece of euphemism" was a sarcasm which might have fallen with propriety from the lips of Sir William Harcourt, but which in the mouth of the seconder of the Address of thanks was in questionable taste. And surely it was hardly decorous for a member of Parliament who is supposed for the time being to be the mouthpiece of the Government to speak of a foreign Power with which Her Majesty is still on friendly terms as "the rotten Government which slept at Constantinople." But the height of absurdity was reached when Sir John Maxwell announced his opinion that "hitherto such pressure had not been put upon the Sultan as might, in the ordinary course of things, be expected to be necessary to compel that potentate to interest himself in the cause of justice and mercy"—a statement that was naturally received with Opposition cheers. Really Mr. Balfour will have in future to coach his young men with more care.

There was at least one paragraph in the Queen's Speech which frankly disconcerted the Opposition. Sir William Harcourt had gone to tremendous pains to "get up" the Venezuelan boundary subject from the days of the Borgias to the present time. Even Mr. Henry Norman, when he was invited to contribute his quota of the latest information obtainable at Washington to this store, was surprised to find how completely Sir William had gleaned the whole controversial field. It was impossible to tell him anything about Venezuela he didn't know. There is something melancholy in the thought of this portentous labour all wasted. The misunderstanding was at its worst more of a newspaper sensation than a diplomatic fact, and now that the two Foreign Offices have exchanged views, it is plain enough that the matter can be amicably settled, as sensible people supposed all along that it would be. This being the case, it was good politics to say so without qualification, and thus cut the ground from under the feet of the Radicals in the House who had counted on making cheap capital out of "kin-across-the-sea" claptrap. None the less, it is sad to think of Sir William carrying this huge burden of special knowledge about with him to the end of his days, with never a chance to unload.

In the debate on Mr. Dillon's amendment to the Address Mr. Horace Plunkett spoke with great clearness and cogency on the present state of feeling in Ireland—that is, of feeling towards England—which more than any other man living he has helped to form. The enthusiastic greeting accorded in Mayo to the Chief Secretary is, as Mr. Plunkett showed, the genuine and spontaneous expression of confidence, which is spreading through Celtic Ireland, in the good intentions of England, or, at any rate, of the present Government, towards the Irish people. The change in feeling in Ireland is a change of feeling towards the English Government rather than a change towards Home Rule; but, of course, in proportion as the goodwill of England is more widely recognized the desire for Home Rule will, we may hope, weaken and decay. The causation of this growth of good feeling in Ireland, as Mr. Plunkett convincingly observes, consists in the turning of the minds of the people towards practical questions, towards the development of material prosperity, and, as a consequence, away from the barren polemics of political agitation.

Mr. Plunkett forcibly compared the rational and truly patriotic attitude of the Parnellites, who are willing to co-operate in furthering the material advancement of their country, with the hostile attitude of the Anti-Parnellites, who evidently fear that to make Ireland prosperous would be to kill Home Rule. "A few years of sympathetic government under the present Chief Secretary, together with a just treatment of the few remaining grievances in Ireland, would lead the Irish people to recognize that Ireland's difficulties were really England's opportunity." This is Mr. Plunkett's conclusion; and we are heartily in accord with it, and hope that the policy of which he is the practical originator, and not the least able exponent, will be pushed forward with vigour by a Chief Secretary whose name is already recognized as a passport to the affections and confidence of the Irish peasantry.

A very interesting transformation has been going on during the past year in the Gladstonian journalism of the metropolis. When Lord Rosebery was sprung upon his startled and unhappy party as Mr. Gladstone's official successor, the "Daily News" and the "Daily Chronicle" were hot rivals for the credit of having brought about that wonderful result, and for a long time each strove to outshine the other in the glow of its personal devotion to his fortunes. But later, as it became evident that the heaven-sent leader was a "second-rate nobleman," the "Daily Chronicle" had the shrewdness to moderate its transports; after the débâcle of July last, its tone toward Lord Rosebery became cynical in its coolness. Now the "Daily Chronicle" is in Sir W. Harcourt's camp, along with Mr. John Morley, and what seems a practically united Radical party in the House of Commons.

In the meanwhile the "Daily News," clinging more desperately to the fortunes of Lord Rosebery the lower they fell, found itself in a bad way, and is now inviting attention to itself by very obvious efforts to regain lost ground on a new line of policy. Whether there have been changes in the proprietorship of the paper is not clear. But there is a new editor, and it has taken him less than a week to make the paper's old Nonconformist *clientèle* sit up in open-mouthed amazement. The "Daily News" now gives even the "Times" a lead in its frank championship of the Chartered Company, and the whole Rhodes-Jameson-Barnato party. Its volte-face on this point seems not at all incompatible with profound loyalty to Lord Rosebery. Indeed, there are not lacking signs that that nobleman, and the Liberal "official gang" who still follow him, take a much more lenient view of the Chartered Company's performances than do Sir William Harcourt and his Radical following in the House.

As we anticipated last week, Mr. Sexton has been chosen to succeed Mr. McCarthy. A tolerably close acquaintance with his public career should also have inspired us, we confess, to the prophecy that he would make at least a show of declining the office. No contemporary politician has spent as large a portion of his time in sulks and poutings, or used the threat of resignation and retirement from public life with such persistency. His monotonous reliance upon this single string to his bow would have long since wearied and repelled any other people but the Irish. In Ireland, however, the spectacle of a politician who seems not to desire to grab everything within his reach has something of unnatural novelty in it. Mr. Sexton discovered this fact early in life, and he has exploited its possibilities with much fertility of resource. In the present case, it is possible that he has overshot the mark. He is said to be holding out for a humble round-robin from the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland, begging him to save his distracted country by accepting the leadership. But there are certain private reasons why this may not be forthcoming, and in that case the prize might slip from his grasp altogether. Another theory ascribes his hesitation to his belief that his candidature for the chairmanship of the Irish National Bank offers on the whole, perhaps, larger prospects of reward. In no case do Irishmen seem troubled with the suspicion that Mr. Sexton is stating his actual reasons for his conduct.

If, when Tuesday comes, it turns out that Mr. Sexton is really not to be Chairman of the party, the culmination of the past five years' miserable rivalries and jealousies will be at hand. All possible devices for keeping that dreary egoist, Mr. John Dillon, from the post he has coveted and intrigued for these dozen years will have been exhausted. A faint-hearted attempt to recall Mr. McCarthy may be made; but the chances of its success are hardly worth taking into account. Mr. Dillon will at last be in a position to insist on his own election; and it is an open secret that the moment he assumes control the party will be broken in half. English opinion on the subject of these Irish feuds is steadily misled by the fact that the Dillon-O'Brien clique have always paid great attention to the British newspaper men in the Lobby, and thus get their side of the story continually before the public. Thus it comes generally to be supposed here that Mr. Healy is merely the leader of a mutinous fraction which can be suppressed without much difficulty. As a matter of fact, he is the strongest popular leader in Ireland, and he will break Mr. John Dillon into small pieces before he is done with him.

We alluded some weeks ago to the approaching vacancy at the head of the Irish Board of Works, and expressed a hope that General Sankey's successor would be appointed, not because he was a gentleman of good family out of a job, but because he was fit for the work. Mr. Balfour has gone clean outside the official ring, and has selected a Mr. Robertson, probably the ablest railway manager in Ireland. With a practical business man in charge of the Board of Works many things are possible, and the appointment is certainly a good omen for the success of



Mr. Balfour's railway and industrial development policy. The "Times" Correspondent in Dublin writes that the appointment has "caused great dissatisfaction in the department." We are rejoiced to hear it. The fixed conviction in Dublin (and the idea is not unknown at Whitehall) is that the public departments exist for the benefit of the gentlemen who hold offices, and for their friends and relations. If Mr. Balfour's bold step does nothing more than convince the officials that this is an error, it will have been worth taking.

The long-brewing quarrel between the province of Manitoba and the Dominion Government has at last reached a critical point. The situation is difficult enough to tax the wisdom and courage of the best man in Canada, and accordingly Sir Charles Tupper has been called in to shoulder the big responsibility. The manœuvre by which a Parliamentary seat has been secured for him in Cape Breton is not altogether impressive, but it answers the requirements of the emergency; and although he takes one of the subordinate portfolios in the Ministry, it is perfectly understood that he comes on board as a pilot, with all the authority of a person on whose ability everything depends. It is not alone the Conservative party in Canada which he has to save from shipwreck, but the federal existence of the Dominion itself.

The results of the Manitoban elections held on the 22nd ult. were barely mentioned here in England. In fact, we do not recall having seen the exact figures reported at all. It may be doubted, however, whether anything else of equal importance happened elsewhere in the British Empire during the month, South Africa not excepted. The attitude of the Manitoban Ministry, in flatly defying the Dominion Government, was submitted to the judgment of the electorate, and was approved at the polls by an immense majority. In the new provincial Legislature 31 members out of a total of 40 are pledged to resist any and all attempts of the Dominion Cabinet to enforce its manifest constitutional authority in Manitoba. The origin of the difficulty was explained by us at length last April. When Manitoba was admitted into the Dominion in 1870, it bound itself to observe the educational compromise between sects which had been established over the rest of Canada. In 1890 its Legislature suddenly repealed the statutes confirming this arrangement, and set up a school system of its own, which repudiated altogether the obligations towards the Roman Catholic Church which the province had entered into. By the Act of 1870 it was expressly provided that, in the event of such a provincial infraction of the compact, "the Parliament of Canada is empowered to make remedial laws to meet the case."

Between the right to make remedial laws and the power to remedy anything with them there is, however, a wide distinction. As far back as July 1892 the Dominion Government served formal notice upon the Manitoban Executive that the just grievances of the Roman Catholic minority must be redressed. A defiant answer was returned, and after prolonged negotiations a remedial order was finally passed by the Dominion Parliament in March 1895. The provincial Ministry met this by the calm remark that they did not see their way to carry into effect the terms of the remedial order. This was open mutiny, but the Dominion Ministers lacked the courage to treat it as such, and pursued during the summer and autumn a weakly temporizing policy. This pleased nobody, and they found themselves losing one bye-election after another throughout the other provinces, until in their fright they turned to Sir Charles Tupper with an appeal *ad misericordiam* to take office and save them. He appears upon the scene just as the voters of Manitoba have given their Premier, Mr. Greenway, an enthusiastic mandate to continue his fight against Ottawa. Sir Charles, however, is proceeding with a new Remedial Bill, to which no coercive clauses are attached, as if fine words still buttered parsnips at Winnipeg. To add to the threatening complexity of the problem before him, the present Dominion Parliament expires in April, and it seems not unlikely that a majority may be elected which

will condone Manitoba's open and gross repudiation of her constitutional duties. This contingency would hardly be worse than the present wretched position of affairs. If the Dominion Government cannot make itself respected, and dare not even attempt to assert its laws when subjects defy them, it is plain that a new start of some sort will have to be made in Canada.

The County Council are to be congratulated on their choice of a new clerk, for Mr. C. J. Stewart is not only a very clear-headed and courageous official, but a gentleman, which is perhaps the reason why there was such an explosion on the part of the Progressives. Brains are rarer than experience, and a clever man will generally do better in a new post than a mediocrity who has laboured in the mill-track of routine. Mr. Bickersteth's candidature was withdrawn because it was discovered at the eleventh hour that he was a Radical, and Captain Middleton objected.

We may be very stupid, but we confess we fail to see the point of the Cust correspondence which the "Times" thought fit to publish. If Mr. Cust could have shown from the letters that he was the high-minded and independent editor protesting against the dictation of policy by an American proprietor, public sympathy would have ranged itself on his side. The Press, at all events, would have poured oil into the wounds of a martyr for editorial independence. But Mr. Cust has chosen to tell the world that the reverse has been the fact. His case is, that after years of un murmuring obedience he has been turned into the street with six months' salary in his pocket. He denounced Sir William Harcourt's death-duties, and when the Venezuelan dispute arose he telegraphed to Paris for instructions, receiving in reply the Delphic utterance, "Maintain a judicious attitude." And yet, in spite of his anti-Harcourtian thunder and the judiciousness of his attitude, Mr. Astor is dissatisfied! Proprietors have their rights, even when they are American millionaires: and for the life of us we cannot discover on what ground Mr. Cust publishes private letters. But then, as a club wit observed, "*De Custibus non est disputandum.*"

The curiosity of literary readers has been aroused by the extraordinary success of Mr. Stephen Crane, whose remarkable book, "The Red Badge of Courage," we reviewed at great length in a recent issue. Mr. Crane, who hails from Sullivan County, New York State, is, we have ascertained, still a very young man, about twenty-three years of age. His book was written when he was twenty-one. It was generally, and not unnaturally, supposed to be the work of a man of more than middle age who had been under fire in the great Civil War in America, and simply recorded the vivid impressions of actual experience. As it now turns out, the book is not a mere example of admirable reporting, of deep impressions accurately registered; but a work of imagination which, it is not too much to say, bears the hall-mark of real genius. This extraordinary instance of early maturity is another proof of the fact that the imagination can enter into and realize the actualities of life so vividly and deeply as to surpass in realism the records of experience.

Great things will be expected of Mr. Crane, though it remains to be seen whether he can justify the high promise of this magnificent first performance. It sometimes happens that a man blossoms early in a single book or a single speech, which seems to exhaust the energies, and the promise, as in the case of the blossoming of certain plants, ends with the first performance. We turn to "Horses," a sketch by Mr. Crane in the current number of the "New Review," in which his aim is to give a realistic study of fear, but in which his attainment, though it shows remarkable psychological power, is marred by over-elaboration. Mr. Crane will be wise if he recognizes the simple directness of the work in "The Red Badge of Courage" as the secret of his strength, and the line of least resistance on which he should concentrate his efforts for the future. He will disappoint his admirers if he insists on gilding the lily, and underrates, as he seems inclined to do, the real secret of his success.

## THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

WHO would imagine, on glancing at the twenty columns of speeches in the "Times" of Wednesday, that the English are the most taciturn nation in the world? The Latin races are reputed to be voluble, and as conversationalists they certainly surpass ourselves. But neither the French, nor the Spanish, nor the Italian Parliament would be capable of pouring forth for a whole fortnight the steady stream of discursive talk which is dignified by the title of the Debate on the Address. However, we admit that there is more justification for this rhetorical deluge at the present juncture than at the opening of most Sessions. The gaiety of our Christmas holidays had been eclipsed by a succession of crises which were distinctly trying to the nerves of most of us. The storm had burst almost simultaneously from Washington, Armenia, and the Transvaal. It is, therefore, only fitting that Parliament at its meeting should pour out in characteristic words the national mind upon these international questions. There is, of course, an intolerable amount of sack to very little bread. But that is inevitable in all popular assemblies. All that we can do is to try and gauge the relative position of the Government and the Opposition.

It is evident that the Radical leaders do not mean to go beyond criticism of the foreign policy of the Government. This is the legitimate function of an Opposition in a hopeless minority. But it is impossible not to condemn the partisan exultation displayed by Sir William Harcourt over the failure of our Eastern policy. How much more patriotic and statesmanlike was the attitude of Sir Charles Dilke, who openly rebuked his leader for his indecent triumph. "As to Armenia," said Sir Charles Dilke, "both sides had a very heavy responsibility for the present position of the Armenian question, and anything like an attempt to make party capital out of it was absolutely indefensible. It was a humiliating topic for both sides." No fault can be found with Sir William Harcourt's remarks upon the Venezuelan question. This is pre-eminently a topic for treatment by international lawyers, "the greatest bores," as the late Sir Robert Peel once said, looking fixedly at Sir William Harcourt, "in this House." But there was a remarkable difference in the speeches of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour in reference to Venezuela. Lord Salisbury looks upon the unrestricted use of arbitration—unrestricted, that is, as to subject-matter and conditions—as impossible between two nations. Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, expressed his belief that out of all this evil there would spring the good fruit of some general system of arbitration. This discrepancy is doubtless due to the different temperaments of the two statesmen. However, it is very satisfactory to learn from these speeches and from the despatches that our Government have responded in the most amicable spirit to the request of President Cleveland's Commission for information, and that no diplomatic punctilio, at all events, will stand in the way of a settlement.

The discussion of Mr. Dillon's Home Rule amendment never had the smallest actuality or interest, except as to what Sir William Harcourt might say about it. Having faced President Cleveland and defied the German Emperor, Great Britain can hardly be expected to retreat before the Clan-na-Gael. Both the threats and the bribes of Messrs. Dillon and Redmond fell absolutely flat, and Sir William Harcourt refused to be drawn beyond a vague and platonic admiration of the principle of Home Rule. But if Irish Home Rule is dead, African Home Rule is a burning topic. We deal in another article with Mr. Chamberlain's rather unfortunate despatch, to which he alluded at the close of his speech. Mr. Labouchere's amendment, however, referred to the connexion of the Chartered Company with Dr. Jameson's raid. Mr. Chamberlain made the astounding statement that he believed Mr. Rhodes, the Directors of the Chartered Company, the High Commissioner, President Kruger, and the Reform Committee were all ignorant of Dr. Jameson's intention to cross the border. This strikes us as being rather a lawyer's quibble. No doubt nobody knew the precise moment at which Dr. Jameson

would cross the border. But it is reported that he was invited by letter to cross the border, though an attempt was afterwards made to stop him. And the massing of police on the frontier was, as Mr. Chamberlain says, known to the man in the street. This massing of forces, in view of a possible emergency, was quite justifiable. But it is a large demand upon our credulity to ask us to believe that no one knew that they were there for a particular purpose. Everybody was, of course, prepared for the news that the police in Charterland would be placed under Imperial control at the cost of the Company, which cannot be congratulated upon the first appearance of its representative in the House of Commons. Sir Horace Farquhar has proved that a man may be a successful banker, a prominent member of society, and a county councillor, and yet make a foolish speech in Parliament, which is emphatically not the place for Stock Exchange bulletins.

## OUR EASTERN POLICY.

THE Debate on the Address has produced voluminous talk about the recent history and present state of our foreign relations, but it cannot be said to have made us much wiser. Naturally enough, the most important—or it might better be said the least unimportant—contributions to our knowledge of these relations came out in the passage-at-arms between Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery. When one contemplates the space which the combined speeches of the present Foreign Minister and the late Premier occupy in the Parliamentary reports, it is indeed surprising that they contrived to tell so little of what the country would gladly know; but they established at least one point. Russia has expressed not only "a strong repugnance to the use of force" by herself in the pacification of Armenia, but "an equally strong repugnance to the use of force on the part of any other Power." That something of this nature had happened was taken for granted months ago, but we do not remember that it has been stated before.

Lord Salisbury had an easy task in showing that it did not lie with Lord Rosebery to assail the present Government for want of success in Armenia. For the late Liberal Government associated with itself, in the enterprise of protecting the Armenians, the two Powers in Europe whose policy in the Levant was diametrically opposed to our own. Lord Salisbury was charitable enough to assume that, when this absurd partnership was entered upon, no pains were taken to ascertain how far France and Russia were prepared to go. Lord Rosebery interposed to contradict this, and to affirm that "we knew quite well how far they were prepared to go." The retort of the Prime Minister was as crushing as it was obvious. If the Foreign Office last May was aware of the limitations which France and Russia imposed upon any interference between the Sultan and his subjects in Asia Minor, then its course in pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of joint intervention was all the more inexplicable.

But so much has happened since May, and the period when Lord Rosebery was a personage in Imperial politics seems now so remote, that nobody has much interest in this re-threshing of old straw. What the country is anxious about is the condition of foreign affairs in the spring of the year 1896, on the threshold of which we stand. Upon this vital subject the Prime Minister was dumb, and, if we except Mr. Goschen's interesting announcement that "we are free from any engagement as to the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire," his colleagues have offered nothing for the enlightenment of the public.

Mr. Goschen's statement may mean much or little. For many years past it has been open to England to say that, as the Turk had not carried out the reforms to which he pledged himself by the Cyprus Convention, the clause of that Convention binding England to maintain his sovereignty over Asia Minor had become a dead letter. We have heretofore shrunk from repudiating that responsibility, not because the Sultan had not given us ample reason for so doing, but because the responsibility gave us a position in the Eastern Question which it was not politic for us to abandon. If, as is now suggested, we have at last abandoned



the position, the step amounts to a revolution in our foreign policy. In that case, we have surrendered our *locus standi* in the Levant, and we no longer possess any treaty title to regard a Russian invasion of Armenia, or any other Russian aggression or aggrandizement at the expense of Turkey, as an act of hostility to ourselves.

If this radical alteration in our Eastern policy has been made, the country should no longer be kept in the dark as to the fact. A change of this magnitude, reversing as it does the whole position of affairs in the Levant, must affect all our other international relations. In particular our attitude towards Russia is entirely altered. We have stood for forty years in the breach between the Tsar and the Sultan. At brief intervals during this long period there has been a spasmodic exchange of civil words, or even of amenities, between the two nations, but in effect England has been the standing barrier to the realization of Pan-Slavonic dreams. In this position of defiance to the Colossus of the North we have been playing Austria's game quite as much as our own, and have enjoyed, in return, the friendship of the Austrian Government, and, until recently, that of its allies as well. The situation thus created, in which, while serving our own ends, we incidentally afforded enough support to some of the objects of the Triple Alliance to ensure its amiability, was eminently to our advantage. Lord Rosebery shook the foundations of our position by his absurd Congo bargain, which not only procured for us the humiliation of backing down before the threats of Germany and France, but gave the diplomats of Berlin and Paris the cue to a combination against us in Asia and Africa which has multiplied our troubles ever since, and brought us at last to the point of signing Mekong agreements and mobilizing Special Service squadrons. In other words, since that wanton misstep, we have been gradually forced out of our balanced position between the two rival Continental camps.

The assumption that we are to give up posing as the anti-Russian champion of the West raises in some minds the idea that a Russian alliance is possible and desirable. We have given reasons, before for the belief that this notion is a mistaken one. If newer arguments are needed, one has to look for them no further back than yesterday, and no further afield than Sofia. There is exhibited to us the ceremonial reconciliation between the Tsar and the Prince of Bulgaria. Nothing is lacking to enforce the meaning of the spectacle. The Tsar and the Sultan, in their novel fervour of friendship, combine to welcome Prince Boris into the Greek Orthodox Church, and to reward his father by securing for his dynasty the recognition of Europe. The massacre of thousands of Armenians has served only to bring Tsar and Sultan closely together. The terrible butchery of Stambuloff has alone made it possible that the first display of their new regard for each other should be in Sofia. Looking at this picture, one sees that the Slav and the Ottoman Turk belong to the same species. They are both of the East Eastern; they comprehend each other; they work by the same methods of police despotism, official corruption, and semi-official assassination to attain the same ends. If we have arrived at the point where we give up trying to keep the Russian and Turk apart, let us do it with our eyes open, recognizing that they are two of a kind, and that our business is to seek a combination in civilized Western Europe against them both.

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HOME RULE.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S bold departure from diplomatic usage in publishing his despatch to Sir Hercules Robinson in the "London Gazette" before it has reached the Power to which it is addressed has, as Mr. Chamberlain admitted, its inconveniences. President Kruger has protested by his Secretary of State against such a procedure, and Mr. Chamberlain has been obliged to offer to withdraw his suggestions. Apart from its literary merit of lucidity, the cleverness of the despatch consists in the adroit audacity with which Mr. Chamberlain turns the tables on President Kruger. The head of the South African Republic had officially informed Sir Hercules Robinson that he was in possession of documentary

evidence to prove a deep-seated design on the part of the Chartered Company to overthrow his Government, and to divert his revenues into their coffers. The British Uitlanders, too, were rebels of the most dangerous kind, who had been secretly importing arms to levy war against the State which accorded them its hospitality. Dr. Jameson and his freebooters he, President Kruger, had actually caught red-handed, and instead of shooting them, he had handed them over to Mr. Chamberlain. President Kruger appeared before the world in the position of the indicter of the British race, with a dash of the magnanimous martyr thrown in. In the twinkling of an eye the position of the parties is reversed. Mr. Chamberlain pops President Kruger in the dock, and proceeds to arraign him in the most vigorous style, charging him with a long list of acts of misgovernment. We can imagine the astonishment with which President Kruger and his burgher Ministers will read this indictment of their past policy when its text arrives. Only the substance of the despatch has as yet reached the High Commissioner through the wire, and by him been transmitted to Pretoria. The telegraphic summary of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals has already fluttered the dovescots of Pretoria. But when President Kruger and his Council of Boers come to read the cold clear record of their own corruption, jobbery, and oppression, we feel sure that as Bible-loving men they will be sorely grieved. Nay, worse; they are sternly rebuked by Mr. Chamberlain for laughing in their own Volksraad at the petition of the Uitlanders. Whatever else may be the result of this despatch, in future the Boers will treat the British in the Transvaal with more outward respect.

Into the details of Mr. Chamberlain's proposal it is unnecessary to enter, as it is unlikely that they will even form the basis of negotiations between himself and President Kruger. We hazarded the opinion three weeks ago that a County Council for the Johannesburg district, or what is known as the Rand, was the most practical solution of the difficulty. But Mr. Chamberlain goes further, and in taking that further step he treads upon very delicate ground. Mr. Chamberlain suggests, (and the suggestion of a suzerain cannot be ignored), that the Rand district should be separated from the South African Republic, to which the Uitlanders should pay an annual tribute, to be periodically revised according to the rise or fall of the mining industry. Within the Rand the Uitlanders are to enjoy complete autonomy—that is to say, they are to have their own system of taxation, judiciary, police, and education. But they are to have no voice "in the general Legislature, or the Central Executive, or the Presidential election." This exclusion of the Uitlanders from the central Government of the Transvaal is to relieve the burghers of "the haunting fear" that the Uitlanders will upset the Republican form of government. The features of this plan of Home Rule seem to be strangely familiar to us. In fact, they bear a strong family resemblance to Mr. Gladstone's original Bill "for the better government of Ireland." If President Kruger is half as sharp as he is reputed to be, he might, and we imagine he will, make a very crushing retort to Mr. Chamberlain. He will say, "You ask me to cut off a portion of my country, and to create an *imperium in imperio*. On what grounds do you make this request? Upon the grounds that the people who inhabit this particular portion of my country differ in race and religion from my own Boers, that their habits and ideas are different, and that they have been misgoverned by us. But those are precisely the grounds upon which a majority of the people of Ireland have asked you for Home Rule. You have spent the last ten years of your career, and have built up your great reputation, in defeating the very demand from the Irish which you now, in the name of the Uitlanders, make upon me. It is true you deny the misgovernment of Ireland. But I deny the misgovernment of the Uitlanders. There are certain local grievances, which I am as willing to adjust as you are to grant local reforms to the Irish. It is also true that you promise to relieve me of a haunting fear by excluding the Uitlanders from the Government at Pretoria. You, too, had a haunting fear that the Irish would upset the system of government at Westminster, and

accordingly Mr. Gladstone proposed in 1886 to exclude the Irish from St. Stephen's. But you denounced the proposal as Separatism. With what face, then, do you ask me to do this thing?" If President Kruger should reply to Mr. Chamberlain's despatch in these terms, Mr. Chamberlain would, of course, rejoin that the Uitlanders had no representation in the Volksraad, whilst the Irish were over-represented in Parliament. Still, we agree with Sir William Harcourt that the round-table conference between Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Salisbury, and President Kruger on the subject of Home Rule for the Rand will be extremely interesting. We see that already Mr. Chamberlain's plan of Home Rule has given offence in many quarters. We should have been surprised if it had been otherwise, and we are anxious to hear what President Kruger has to say to the proposal that he should part with the flesh and keep the bones. We do not wish to increase Mr. Chamberlain's difficulties, which are considerable. The Boers, we fear, are not likely to give up the richest part of the Transvaal, nor, we fancy, will the Uitlanders be willing to renounce their share in the Presidential election and the central government of the country to which they are required to swear allegiance. Mr. Chamberlain has very properly announced his determination to maintain the 1884 Convention "at all costs." But it seems to have escaped him that in proposing an elaborate scheme for the revolution of the internal government of the Transvaal, he is violating both the spirit and the letter of that instrument. Should President Kruger announce his intention of maintaining the Convention at all costs, Mr. Chamberlain could not resent it. "Promptitude and vigour" are admirable qualities in putting down a rebellion; but in building up a Constitution they are sometimes dangerous.

#### THE LABOUR QUESTION.

**D**ESPITE the fact that Foreign Affairs, the Navy, Ireland, and Education threaten to shoulder everything else out of the procession for some months to come, we are not without hopes that before the end of the Session time may be found for a real attempt to tackle one or two of those difficulties which go to make up the Labour Question. Nothing in our political history has been more significant than the steady and irresistible swing round of popular feeling in the great industrial centres, especially during the last ten years, as recorded in four General Elections from 1885 to 1895. The mixed assortment of platitudes and fallacies which did duty for a Liberal programme has become thoroughly discredited, and the workmen alike of London and of the Northern and Midland cities have learned to look to the men now in power for sympathy and help. This trust in the Tory party is, not impossibly, the last barrier that stands between our workers and the hopelessly impracticable, not to say revolutionary, Socialism that is almost universal among the corresponding class in Germany and France, and it will be a bad day for the party and for the country if ever the voters believe that their trust has been misplaced. We look to the younger Tory members especially to see that, if we cannot have a Labour Session, we shall at any rate have an adequate discussion of the three questions on which pledges are given in the Queen's Speech: Compensation to Workmen, Conciliation in Trade Disputes, and Alien Immigration. In each of these matters, in spite of our boasted progress, we have been far out-distanced by more than one foreign country, and although the proposals of the Government are not yet before us, we take it that, at the least, they will not leave our workmen behind the position already acquired by their fellows in France and Germany.

Employers' Liability is an old battleground, and we need have no great difficulty in ascertaining the position the Government will adopt. Mr. Chamberlain, in his remarkable speech on Mr. Asquith's Bill, in November 1893, took the simple ground that compensation for accidents should form a first charge on the cost of production; in other words, that employers should be liable to make good such injuries as their men receive in the course of their ordinary employment, just as they have to make good injuries or acci-

dents to their machinery or plant. Compensation would thus take the form of an insurance rather than that of a penalty; and where, as in the case of several of the great railway and engineering works, insurance funds based on the joint contributions of masters and men already exist, both parties would have an equal interest in promoting efficiency and safety in working, and economy in the distribution of the fund. But this did not suit some of the self-styled friends of Labour who act as emergency men for the Radical party. So in Mr. Asquith's Bill a clause was inserted forbidding contracting out, aimed especially at the breaking up of the great insurance societies which, by promoting harmony and mutual interest and discouraging strikes, have earned the hostility of the "fighting" Trades-Unions. Workmen to the number of one hundred thousand protested against this iniquitous interference with individual freedom, and were supported by the House of Lords; but Mr. Asquith, rather than yield, abandoned the Bill. We may be assured, then, that the Government Bill when it appears will aim at strengthening rather than destroying the mutual insurance funds.

Conciliation in Trade Disputes is a matter with which we have dealt repeatedly of late in these columns, especially in connexion with the engineering strike. We are not so foolish as to imagine that any number of boards or of arbitrators can prevent two parties from fighting when they deliberately make up their minds to do so on some point which they think of sufficient importance to justify the sacrifice. But there are many disputes in which all that is wanted is some machinery for bringing the parties together; some board or commission with powers, on the invitation of either party, or on its own initiative, to investigate the facts of the dispute and to make recommendations for its settlement. Arbitration cannot be compulsory, for the simple reason that no power in a free country can make a man work if he doesn't want to, or can make an employer open his yard if he wants to shut it; but the working of the French law of 1892 has shown that in a fair proportion of cases the *recours à conciliation* was successful. The Duke of Devonshire in his speech at the last Cutlers' Feast hinted at the intention of the Government to take steps to mitigate "the frequency, the length, and the bitterness of industrial disputes." We pointed out at the time that nothing short of a permanent Labour Board, with extensive powers of inquiry and suggestion in the case of threatened strikes, could meet the difficulty, and we hope that the Government will have the courage to adopt that remedy.

The last point, that of Alien Immigration, is one on which in any other country there would be absolutely no difference of opinion; but the way in which some of the extreme Radical partisans approach it almost makes one despair of English politics. Practically every country, including several of our own colonies, and most notably the United States of America, claims and exercises the right of preventing the importation of destitute aliens. The natural consequence is that England is made the dumping ground for the physically and morally unfit, the rejected of other nations. Our own unemployed constitute a grave problem, the domestic and sanitary condition of the poorer quarters of London is a constant anxiety, a constant menace to health and morals, and yet we permit the importation wholesale of people to whom the decencies of civilization are not even a tradition, and who offer their labour at prices absolutely inconsistent with the English standard of decent subsistence. The Trades-Unions realize the danger, and at the Norwich Congress it was resolved by a two to one majority, "that in view of the injury done to a large number of trades and Trades-Unions by the wholesale importation of foreign destitute paupers, this Congress calls upon the Government to take the necessary step to prohibit the landing of all pauper aliens who have no visible means of subsistence." And yet when the Government obeys this resolution, even the most level-headed Radicals declare "the fiercest opposition," on apparently no more practical ground than that "one of the greatest glories of the country was the way in which England has opened her gates to the oppressed of all nationalities." What on earth this



has to do with a reasonable complaint which is met in a reasonable manner in other countries we are at a loss to comprehend. It goes far to explain, however, how it happens that the Radical leaders are being steadily driven from English industrial constituencies and are forced to take refuge in Scotland or on the Welsh border. We have certainly no complaint to make of that, and we hope that the present Government have the sagacity and the courage to profit by the object lesson, and to press forward, as a first instalment, measures so reasonable and just as the three to which we have referred.

#### THE REVOLT IN CUBA.

AN exceedingly complex problem is presented to the world by the aspect of affairs in the island of Cuba. Military, financial, and international considerations complicate the struggle and obscure the issue. Under these circumstances it would be extremely unwise to approach the question in other than an impartial spirit. Nor is there, indeed, much to induce the disinterested spectator to become an active partisan. There is little on either side that attracts, and much on both that repels; while, from whatever point of view the rebellion be regarded, it does not afford, either to the supporter of Spain or of the rebels, much opportunity for enthusiasm, sentiment, or gush. It is impossible to get away from the fact that the Spaniards are fighting in defence of a system of government and taxation which can only be described as intolerable; that the sympathy of the entire Cuban-born population is bitterly opposed to them; and that in spite of the bravery of the troops and the courtesy of their officers, those elements exist in the Spanish army of to-day—elements hitherto subdued by the firm humanity of Martinez de Campos—which have made the Inquisition and the atrocities of the conquest of Mexico historical facts. The rebels, on the other hand, consist of the most boastful and braggart section of a mongrel race. They "outmanœuvre and hold in check" the Government forces in much the same way that a comparatively small number of rogues and rowdies in London manage to provide an occupation for thirteen thousand Metropolitan policemen. While posing as heroes, and proclaiming that with inferior numbers they maintain themselves against the Spanish troops, they never venture to attack unless in a superiority of at least five to one. Even then they are almost always beaten, and escape capture and destruction at the end of the day by the fullest development of what is airily termed by their supporters "their superior mobility"! Their policy of destroying property, and particularly of firing the cane and tobacco fields, is, however, most effective. The combustibility of these crops at this time of year renders such a task an easy one. A pellet of phosphorus dropped overnight is ignited by the morning sun, and starts a conflagration involving the loss of thousands of pounds. The Spanish authorities are powerless to cope with this form of outrage, which no preponderance of military strength can prevent. The effects are threefold. Firstly, the destruction of the sugar industry throws thousands of labourers out of employment. Thus the insurgent cause is recruited. Secondly, burning the sugar-cane ensures the bankruptcy of the island, and hence prevents it being used as security for loans to carry on the war. Thirdly, as may be imagined, the inability of the Government to afford protection to the staple industry of the country detaches from the Spanish cause many who would otherwise remain faithful. Such tactics are more effective than commendable. The spectacle of a colony adopting such a policy is hardly one which should obtain recognition from any highly civilized nation, still less from a great colonial Power. Hard-fought actions in the field, gallantry in the face of odds, have often turned rebels into belligerents, and belligerents into the founders of independent States. But history does not record an instance of mere indiscriminate destruction of property receiving the official approval of a first-class Power.

I repeat that whatever feelings the Cuban revolt may or may not arouse, it affords little room for sentiment. Let us approach the question, therefore, guided alone by the steady light of common sense, and check the

results of a scrutiny by a cool calculation of the profit and the loss. The rebel victory offers little good either to the world in general or to Cuba in particular. With Cuba as a Spanish colony, Spain is responsible for its behaviour toward foreign States and its respect of international law; but with "Cuba Libre," instead of dealing with a traditionally friendly Power, we should have to prepare ourselves for another irresponsible firebrand republic of the South American type. That is not an inviting prospect for the outside world; nor does independence offer much to the islanders themselves. All impartial residents in the island are agreed that, though the Spanish Administration is bad, a Cuban Government would be worse—equally corrupt, more capricious, and far less stable. Under such a Government revolutions would be periodic, property insecure, equity unknown. A graver danger presents itself. Two-fifths of the insurgents in the field, and by far the bravest and best disciplined part of the rebel forces, are pure negroes. These men, with Antonio Maceo at their head, would, in the event of success, demand a predominant share in the government of the country. Such a claim would be indignantly resisted by the white section, and a racial war, probably conducted with bitter animosity and ferocious cruelty, would ensue, the result being, after years of fighting, another black republic, or at best a partition of the island, as in San Domingo. This is the situation to produce which the richest island in the world is to be ruined; and it is to bring about such a state of things that it is suggested that England should quarrel with her oldest and most faithful ally. Fortunately we are too sensible a nation to adopt such a course.

Finally, let us consider the chances of Spain. Mr. Hubert Howard, in his article of last week, says "The cause of Spain is in extremities," and again, "Spain is making her last cast." These assertions are at least premature. It is not easy to assign limits to the capacities and resources of a European Power with a population of twenty millions—especially when it is evident that it is earnestly determined.

If General Weyler be well advised, he will avoid the mistakes of Martinez de Campos as a soldier and scrupulously adhere to his magnanimous and humane policy as a statesman. He will concentrate the fifty or sixty thousand men frittered away in the protection of plantations and villages throughout the island. He will combine the movements of the columns into one concerted scheme. He will employ to the fullest extent the cavalry reinforcements now placed at his disposal, and he will infuse a greater spirit of energetic perseverance into the tactics of his subordinates. If he does these things, and if, at the same time, he avoids the senseless cruelties of the former war, which would now precipitate the intervention of the United States, Spain may yet retain her colony. It will then become the duty of the European Powers, and also the duty of that State whose "fiat is law," to insist upon the proper redress of Cuban grievances, and upon the establishment of a form of government in the island more progressive and less corrupt. Under these conditions the world may yet see the great industries and the vast resources of "La perla de las Antillas" adequately developed. We may yet see good government where now is anarchy, prosperity in the place of ruin, peace instead of war.

WINSTON L. CHURCHILL.

#### SEA-FISHING IN WINTER.

THE winter fishermen of our grandfathers' time were hardy perennials who, commencing with well-greased kneeboots, following on with many stout garments, a chimney-pot hat surmounting all, would troll for pike in the hardest weather, sometimes breaking holes in the ice before they could get their baits into the water. When the railway train of modern times brought the rivers of Scotland almost to the doors of dwellers in southern England, an addition came to the tribe in the shape of still hardier individuals who harl or flog the larger rivers of Scotland for early spring salmon in the months of January and February.

Of late we have had a great increase in the body of winter anglers by the general awakening to the fact that, tide and weather permitting, really excellent fishing,

under far more healthful conditions than those existing on the swampy banks of some pike lake, can be enjoyed on the East coast of England. From October onwards during the colder months of the year enormous shoals of cod, running small at first, but followed soon by fish of ten to thirty pounds or so, come to feed within a few yards of the beach in certain favoured localities, and are caught in large numbers by means of very simple apparatus—to wit, a rod, line, reel, a couple of hooks, and a piece of lead. The local people have known of this longshore migration for many years, and have used the throw-out line—a kind of long-line hurled out from the shore by means of a slinging stick—for levying a modest toll on the shoals. Nowadays the expert sea-angler, with his simple but far more scientific tackle, catches many more fish on his two hooks than do the slingers or throwers-out on their dozen. At Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Aldeburgh, and many other places in the wide district between Walton-on-the-Naze and Cromer, thousands of codling and cod, mainly of no great size, but some weighing twenty pounds or more, are caught from the shore. The other principal winter sea-fish are whiting; but these are found in deep water, necessitating the use of boats in their capture, and to some men a small boat on the sea is an abhorrent thing.

There is no place near London whereto so many sea-anglers flock as Deal. Here by far the best sport is had from boats, but a fair number of whiting, codfish, and flatfish are caught from the pier. The fishing begins about October and continues throughout the winter, and it is no uncommon thing for an enthusiastic fisherman to run down from London on Friday or Saturday, spend a day paternostering much as he would for perch, but with slightly heavier leads, and return on Monday with a hamper of whiting for distribution among his friends. These friends, if they are people of discernment, will be pleasantly awakened to the difference between a whiting which has been dragged along for hours in a trawl in a mash of fish, sea-urchins, shells, stones, and other *débris*, and one which has been hauled straight away out of the sea, and promptly knocked on the head.

Being a more or less sheltered place, the Downs off Deal, Walmer, and Ramsgate offer good fishing grounds to the small-boat man, but the terrific tidal currents which run there prevent fishing being carried on throughout the whole day. The pier jutting no great distance seaward is washed by currents less strong than those which run further out, and except during spring tides when the water is at its highest and lowest, and the tidal currents consequently strongest, the fisherman can generally hold the bottom.

There is a tradition among fresh-water fishermen that in summer early rising is most productive of sport, though it somehow happens from time to time that, after the effort involved in rising with the sun has been made, the fish choose to be in one of those exceptionally perverse moods which prove the rule, and absolutely decline to be led into the angler's creel. It is a most curious fact that the fish of the sea are very much inclined to resemble the inhabitants of fresh water in their contradictory love of early breakfasts and late suppers not only in summer but also in winter. If we go mackerelling, our best sport will surely be enjoyed between seven o'clock and midday, and if we seek whiting, the silvery fish will be hauled up more rapidly in the chill dusk of early morning than during the more agreeable hours of sunlight. I have sometimes stood on the beach long after sundown, with the waves which I could not see rushing up at my feet, and (except when disentangling the line, faith in a faithless moon having caused me to leave the lantern at home) pulled up codling as rapidly as I could wish. In the daytime a fish every half-hour might be the rate of progress.

In the eyes of those of his relatives and friends who are not sportsmen, the winter sea-fisherman is probably regarded as a very hardy individual indeed; but he rarely exposes himself to the severity of the weather in the same way as the professional fisherman of the North Sea, who, owing to the distance he necessarily has to work from land, is out in all weathers, and has to deal with lines, nets, rigging and sails constantly wetted with spray, and, during hard frosts, almost as

rapidly frozen. Even on a day of great cold, provided there is no wind, the sea-angler can make himself tolerably comfortable, and few feel the exposure so long as they are warmed by the excitement of catching fish. A temperature of 28° when the cod are feeding is quite different to 28° when no fish are about and our mussels and lugs are enjoyed by crabs and crabs alone.

An article on this subject is hardly complete without some reference to the British Sea Anglers' Society, which was formed in the spring of 1893 under the presidentship of Sir Edward Birkbeck, Bart. The original object of the Society, which at present has offices at 66 Haymarket, was to be less an angling club than a body whose aim should be the collection of information respecting sea-fishing on different parts of our coasts, the provision of boats, boatmen, hotel and railway accommodation at reasonable prices, and generally the promotion of sea-fishing as a sport. Indeed, the railway companies have recognized the advantages to their shareholders of an association of this kind by granting tickets at reduced fares to a number of places on the East coast during the autumn and winter. Once a month the members meet at the Cannon Street Hotel to listen to the reading of most learned papers on the various methods of capturing sea-fish in a sportsmanlike fashion, and they usually close the evening with a smoking concert. Branches are gradually being established on the coast, those at Scarborough and Yarmouth being the most successful; and as the subscription is little more than a nominal one, and the benefits of the Society to amateur sea-fishermen are unquestionable, it is not surprising that the number of members is increasing by leaps and bounds.

What is now felt to be urgently required is an absolute specific against sea-sickness, or some means of fishing in deep water without the employment of boats. For a maritime nation it is remarkable how few Englishmen can sit with comfort in a small boat, or even on the decks of a large steamer, for a couple of hours, and take genuine delight in the lively motion occasioned by a choppy sea or the more stately heavings of a ground swell, to say nothing of that peculiar and soul-stirring corkscrew movement. From our position in the world a nation of sailors would be expected; but we are nothing of the kind. Even captains of the finest men-of-war admit that they suffer during the first few hours of a voyage. Being as we are, and having lately been bitten with this love of sea-fishing, there is a loud cry for something more stable than a cockleshell from which to enjoy this branch of sport.

Should the popularity of this sport still further increase—of which there is no doubt—it will be almost worth the while of the local people on some parts of the coast which are specially highly favoured by sea-fish to erect stagings at some distance from the shore from which fishing can be carried on. The ferrying out could occasion no great discomfort, and many a keen sportsman would gladly pay half-a-sovereign for the privilege of standing on such a place throughout the day, and hauling out cod, conger, bream, and what not by the hundredweight. An anchored balloon suggests itself; but, then, if there is any breeze, the position of those in the car would not be altogether agreeable. Perhaps many will have to content themselves with piers, rocky promontories, and the shelving beach, or wait until the flying machine has been perfected, and they can skim close to the surface of the water, dragging mackerel-lines behind the while, or hover over the whiting-grounds by the hour together, smiling superciliously at the green-faced persons in boats beneath and around them.

JOHN BICKERDYKE.

#### THE NEW PHASE OF THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

WE have received from Mr. Hall Caine the intelligence that the Canadian Government has rejected the compromise on the Copyright Question framed by him, with the acquiescence, if not the approval, of Mr. Daldy. Since the compromise was understood to be regarded both by the Canadian Government and by the Colonial Office as the only arrangement practicable in place of the Canadian Act, the rejection of it appears



like a determination on the part of the Canadian Government to fall back on the Act.

To fall back on the Canadian Act would be to revert to a scheme of confiscation. That the promoters of the Act see it in that light, or mean to lay lawless hands on the property of their neighbours, need not be suggested. Nor is it necessary to impute bad motives to any one concerned. But confiscation, and nothing else, is the practical effect of the Act. That we should be better without copyright or patent right altogether is a theory which some hold, and could possibly be maintained, though it cannot be consistently advanced by those who are demanding artificial protection for their own interests, while they deprive the British author of his rights. But at present the property of an author, as well as that of an inventor in the fruit of his brain, is recognized by the civilized world, and is the inducement to literary production. It was upon the faith of the guarantee given him by the State in form of copyright that Mr. Hall Caine employed in writing the brain-power which he might otherwise have employed with assurance of profit in some other calling. Those who pass an Act making the work of the British author liable to appropriation by Canadians as soon as it reaches the Canadian shore might as well extend the principle of their legislation to British wares of other kinds, or to the portmanteau and purse of the British traveller. There is no moral difference between the cases.

The Canadian Act, if it is allowed to go into operation, will blight the growth of Canadian literature just as the absence of an international copyright long blighted the growth of American literature, the native American author being exposed to the unfair competition of the British author unpaid by the publishers of New York. If in the sequel by turning Canada into a literary pirates' nest, as there is some reason to apprehend, the Act mortally offends the Americans, and leads them to withdraw their measure of international copyright, it will not only be injurious to Canadian literature but fatal. Whatever the glories and hopes of Canada may be, she is not a great literary market. Practically speaking, the literary market on this continent of a writer publishing at Toronto, without copyright, would be only Ontario, an agricultural American province with two millions of inhabitants, and the British quarter of Montreal. He is cut off from the Maritime Provinces by French Canada, while in the North-West there is not, nor does it seem likely that there will for some time be, a large population of any kind, much less a population of readers. A writer of mark on any subject other than one of merely local interest would never think of publishing for such a constituency. We have in Canada no publishing firm of any importance, no great printing-office, hardly a first-class bookshop. Restriction to the Canadian market, therefore, would, for Canadian literature, be strangulation. But the truth is that no attention was paid by the framers and promoters of the Act to the interest of Canadian literature or of Canadian writers. The only interest to which attention was paid was the printing interest in its different grades and departments, which collectively has some political influence, while literature has no political influence at all. I have failed to learn that a single literary man was consulted on the subject.

I cannot say that I was myself much in love with the compromise, though in common with other literary men here I was disposed to accept it as the best thing that negotiation, ably conducted, as we did not doubt, by Mr. Hall Caine, could do for us. It seemed a somewhat intricate arrangement, and one in which there might be room for miscarriages if the Government was not bent on carrying it strictly into effect. Moreover, it admitted the claim of each colony to a Copyright law of its own, directly opening the door to confusion. Nothing, as it seems to me, can be really satisfactory but a uniform Copyright for the Empire. If we are not to have uniformity in such matters as Copyright and Patenright, what does Imperial unity mean? There is no political unity; for Canada claims by the mouth of her Minister of Justice unlimited right to self-government, or to self-misgovernment, if she pleases; and in some quarters this version of the Imperial Constitution has been carried to the extent of asserting that,

when a British Ambassador negotiates with respect to Canadian interests, he is acting, not as the Ambassador of the Queen of Great Britain, but as the Ambassador of the Queen of Canada. There is no military or naval unity; for no colony contributes, or shows a practical disposition to contribute, to the Imperial army or navy. The colonies wage commercial war against the mother-country by laying protective duties on her goods. The one among Canadian politicians who poses most as a high Imperialist, and whose advent to power British Imperialists seem to be hailing, is the author of the iron duties specially levelled against British products. Let us have one thing or the other: either the logical sequence, as it seems, of the concession of complete practical independence; or an Empire with a settled Constitution and an authority capable of protecting Imperial interests and the rights of all beneath its sway.

For my own part, I must confess that I should have hesitated, notwithstanding the dictates of personal interest, to agree to the international arrangement with the Americans, so long as it involved the recognition of their manufacturing clause. It was hardly to be endured that the short-sighted cupidity of a mechanical interest should be allowed to interfere with literary production and the diffusion of knowledge. This was a case of principle, not abstract or fantastic, but of the most practical kind. It might be said that the half-loaf was better than no bread. On the other hand, it seemed not unlikely that by the acceptance of the half-loaf the concession of the full measure of bread may have been forfeited, or at least delayed. The evils and scandals of the piratical system were such that it could hardly have been kept up by a highly civilized country for ever. Steadfast adherence to the principle of the Berne Convention might in time have been rewarded by its complete recognition in the United States. The efforts of all American writers would have been constantly directed to that end, and over a nation of readers their influence is not slight. American publishers have little reason to rejoice in the retention of the manufacturing clause, since it brings down on them a very formidable competition by compelling English houses to establish branches at New York.

One curious and instructive feature of the case is the complete misinformation of the Colonial Office as to the state of Canadian opinion. The Colonial Secretary, in shrinking from the assertion of British and Imperial right, was evidently swayed by the belief that he was in face of a united Canada resolved on carrying the Act into effect and expressing that resolution through a unanimous vote of the Dominion Parliament. He seems to have feared that disallowance would be followed in Canada by consequences such as those which Grenville's Stamp Act or Townshend's Tea Duty produced in the American colonies. I have seen a proclamation of the British Privy Council in which Ontario was designated as "that town"; I was congratulated just after the Treaty of Washington by a speaker of a public meeting in England, evidently a well-educated man, on the settlement of the Alabama question, which he hoped would have removed the last cause of division between England and Canada; I have been desired when living in Toronto to make the acquaintance of a person who was living on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, and receive letters addressed to "Canada, U.S.A." But I should have thought that the Colonial Office would have taken care to be thoroughly well informed. The Canadian Copyright Act was the work of a few persons specially interested in the reprinting of popular novels. It was drawn up, we are told, by their solicitor, and was promoted by them during its passage through the Dominion Parliament. The Dominion Parliament, as a leading member has admitted to me, passed the Bill almost mechanically, hardly any of the members knowing or caring anything about the matter. Not only were the literary men not consulted, it does not seem that any of them were awakened to the importance of the matter until this controversy arose. There was not the faintest appearance of any public feeling in favour of the Act, nor has there been a spark of excitement on the subject to the present hour. We have been deluged of late with campaign speeches and

election addresses; yet I have not seen the slightest allusion in them to the Copyright Question. The Minister of Justice himself defended the Act, not as a measure popular in itself, but as an exercise of the sacred privilege of self-misgovernment. Had the Colonial Office mustered courage to disallow the Act, as subversive of Imperial relations and of the proprietary rights of subjects of the Empire—observing, as of course it would, the proper forms of courtesy—not a finger would have been raised here. It is in deference to a mere phantom of its own imagination that the Colonial Office has thrown over, not only copyright, but the Imperial veto on anti-Imperial legislation.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

#### "THE LEAPING HORSE."

OF all the pictures in this winter's Old Masters, setting aside Sir Joshua and Gainsborough and such universal and settled reputations, Daubigny's "Moonlight" certainly claims the most general appreciation. It is impossible to stay in Room 2 for five minutes without remarking the frank admiration it calls forth. That is a picture which appeals at once. There is evidently no pose, no breath of humbug, no giving in to fashion (as you may notice sometimes before a Corot), when the people praise its truthfulness, its poetry. Daubigny has put no stumbling-block to appreciation; there is no difficulty in the picture that calls for explanation or trust, no extravagance; it is serious work and entirely comprehensible. The other Daubigny of the grey St. Paul's and the black barges is also admirable in its fidelity; it is altogether appreciable. And if this is not actually the last word, it is practically what the more intelligent public understands by landscape to-day. Monet's sunlight, for instance, is as yet too recent; it is still disturbing. These pictures of Daubigny's are expressions of that sympathy with nature which plays such an important part in the emotional side of contemporary life, whether nature means an expanse of field or a city river and its dingy buildings. There was a time, doubtless, when a picture like the "St. Paul's" would have been an outrageous piece of ugly audacity; but everybody knows better now.

And ninety-nine per cent. of the persons who see in Daubigny exactly what they want will find the Constables in the next room intensely distasteful, if they are ingenuous enough to be frank with themselves. "The Leaping Horse" not only fails to give the contemporary man what he demands from landscape painting; it shocks all his sensibilities, it defies all his cherished notions of art, every bit of it rouses his hostility. First, the picture does not strike his vision as a whole; it has no meaning; it does not say one thing. He supposes that it was "composed," because he knows that composition was a grave preoccupation with the old people. But the composition does not appeal; he has no eyes for it. Then what is the prancing horse doing in the middle? Aren't the figures in these three Constables obviously put in to give a touch of colour to the landscape—nay, worse, to add "life" and "human interest"? Nor does he see any reason for all this display of woodwork, except that Constable thought a lock or a mill or old wooden bridges were "interesting" objects, and so painted them wholesale into his foregrounds. He is not surprised that a mother, trailing her holiday-boy through the gallery, stops to improve the occasion in front of No. 119, and finds in Constable's landscape an object-lesson in the intricate workings of a lock. Is there anything else to say when this thick boat with its annoying sail and the wilderness of coarse timbers block the way? The cautious catalogue notes that "in the foreground is a lock; a man is apparently letting out the water, in order that a boat, which is tied to a post below it, may enter; in the boat are a man and a dog." Isn't that the whole affair? There's the lock, and the man apparently letting out the water; there's the boat, the post, the man in the boat, the dog. And when he has satisfied himself that the inventory is correct, he wonders what there is left for him to do. There is, too, such an irritating cheerfulness about these men and dogs, virtuously and superfluously engaged in their highly interesting occupations. How different from the

peasants crossing the fields with a lantern in Daubigny's "Moonlight"! At first Daubigny's figures are hardly noticeable, so subdued are they, so inevitably are they a part of the black earth over which they are trudging. They are in the scheme. And when there is this perfect art in Daubigny, how can one be expected to come back and find satisfaction in the frivolous figures who are unnecessarily fishing and opening locks and generally making themselves important in Constable's foregrounds?

Again, the great tall mass of trees in these three Constables—colourless, black, hard—isn't it obvious they were painted in the dark ages before Nature spoke with an intimate voice at Barbizon? The pictures are hard altogether, unfeeling, old-fashioned. There may be a patriotic and a moral reason for lauding his work to the skies. Simply shut your eyes, and shout "English landscape is just as good and better than French!" But granted that Constable is a great name, and that the name for various excellent reasons must be treated with deference—granted that this is so, is it necessary to go further and feel honestly assured that his landscapes are great pictures? This gallery is certainly the place for a decision. "The Leaping Horse" is a celebrated example of his work, and it hangs only a few feet away from landscapes which are immediately sympathetic. The authorities who arranged this exhibition have forced the question on their public; there is no honourable means of escape.

Let us look at "Stratford Mill on the Stour"—the Constable which hangs to the right of "The Leaping Horse"—and let us, for the moment, pass over the height of dark trees on the left, the extravagance of timbers, and the "man and two children fishing." Let us follow the river back from where it rushes in the foreground between narrowing boards, black and deep, spotted with foam; follow it back past the barge at rest by the bank and the sunny white gate among the trees, until we reach the distance in the right-hand corner. Far away in that distance the river comes from where it is sunlight, brilliant sunlight. And sunlight at its loveliest. For clouds are hurrying across the sky; half the distant slope is lighted, the rest is dark; a strip of the low meadow at the foot of the hill is golden in the sun; then comes a dark patch, the shadow of a cloud. And you can see that the shadow is racing so quickly that you could not keep up with it; next moment it will be darkening the golden strip and coursing up the slope, just as you can see that the nearer half of the meadow is this moment emerging into light again. Surely that distance reproduces with peculiar reality one of the loveliest things in nature. And see with how little effort this feat is accomplished; the strokes on the canvas are nothing, as if Constable had been unconscious, had not known what a fleeting and poetical impression he was catching. Compared to this the painting in Daubigny's two pictures is heavy, dull, common, uninspired; there is no joy, no subtlety, no epigrammatic swiftness in the way the brush with its colour has touched the canvas. Now back to "The Leaping Horse," and the right-hand distance, done heaven knows how, is even more wonderful; not so poetical, perhaps, but more wonderful. The worn-out epithet "broad" might come and rest awhile at Dedham and recover a little of its dignity. But, having gone thus far, we are met inevitably by the question, might not the right-hand bit with the church tower have been cut off as a picture by itself? But there's the sky, the splendid clouds—they must come in. And if that piece had stood separate in a frame, perhaps it would have been like a short story, without relief, too insistent, tiring. No, the horse must come in; and this horse, as even the most hostile must confess, has a baffling softness, a Venetian richness against the clouds—this, indeed, is "quality" in painting. And behind the horse is the stunted tree with cold leaves and the scarlet man easing the rope over the sluice bridge—they must come in—and the barge, swinging round the corner while the tow-rope slackens and dips in the water. Then above the barge under the trees is a luminous depth of clotted cream and prussian blue, with a scarlet patch that by itself would make the reputation of a Monticelli. And the veritable fever of rotten timber which rages over the foreground becomes in time a fascination; you can-



not take your eyes off it. How he must have enjoyed painting it!

There is nothing to be taken from "The Leaping Horse"—the beautiful pieces fit themselves together; and, if the picture has not that unity of purpose which we are used to value so highly, we may come to see as great a beauty in its epic bigness. It is big in its unconsciousness; one can imagine Constable in certain moments giving the most inartistic reasons for the existence of his picture. It is bigly painted, with a dash and subtlety which make Daubigny's painting obvious and trivial—a dash which is life and vigour, no smartness that can be learnt. It is not to be imitated; a dozen men and women inside and outside the new English Art Club could do an intelligent safe picture almost as good as Daubigny's "St. Paul's"; even the poetry of the "Moonlight" is not unattainable.

Not that this is fair on Daubigny. "St. Paul's" is hardly an interesting example of his work, and, at any rate, he did not paint it to be compared with "The Leaping Horse." And nothing is more absurd than to force oneself to slight what the present has to offer because the past is also admirable. However, the danger in this case certainly lies in the opposite extreme. Because Daubigny's pictures are in harmony with the ordinary needs of time, they are sure to be preferred, especially by the more intelligent, to the remoter work of the bigger mind and greater hand.

There is a beautiful Rousseau in Room 2, and a beautiful Courbet. Courbet's "L'Immensité" labours under a heavy disadvantage, because the pink and lilac and faint lemon green clouds that hang over the expanse of sea have to fight with the reflections of the neighbouring frames. Corot, at his best here in the "Ville d'Avray," is known well enough in London; but Rousseau's "The Arched Bridge" and his little "Les Marais," and Courbet's "L'Immensité," make one hunger for more; and some day there must be a great exhibition of the period—and it should certainly contain some drawings by Ingres. The one Ingres here, the "Odalisque," does not at all account for the renown of "la ligne." Nor is "la couleur" well represented. The "Execution of Marino Faliero" is only interesting as an illustration of one of the literary aspects of the Romanticist movement. The two pictures by Decamps illustrate another aspect—the attraction to the East. What Bastien Lepage is doing here we do not know. The collection is not large enough to illustrate the history of French painting. It is true that he is "deceased," and this justification, we suppose, applies also to Meissonier (72, 74, and 75). The handful of Romanticist pictures in Room 2 forms the peculiar feature of this exhibition; but there is an Etty in the first room which should do much to lure us back to warm admiration after the long coolness; and two portraits by Velasquez, the head of a man and an infant, in the third. There seems to be some doubt as to the authenticity of the infant; but who except Velasquez could have placed those clear child's eyes in their sockets and framed them with those eyelids?

#### DR. PARRY AS LECTURER—MR. BISPHAM AS ENTREPRENEUR.

I HOPE it is not libellous to say that the Royal Institution is rather a sleepy place of a warm Saturday afternoon in February, nor slander to add that even Dr. Parry as musical-lecturer is hardly so exhilarating as Mr. Arthur Roberts. If so, I withdraw the words, and beg my readers to consider them unwritten and unread. I am particularly anxious to do the handsome thing by Dr. Parry, if only because I greatly fear that he has no very high opinion of me. Did he not once publicly remark that the "Associated Board" had been adversely criticized by "new critics" whose pupils had failed to pass its examinations; and to whom else than my unfortunate self was this taken to apply, though I protest no pupil of mine ever faced the Associated Board's music? Well do I remember how my officious friends pointed out that such an *obiter dictum*, coming from a gentleman in Dr. Parry's position, might have lost me my good name and livelihood, and how they urged me to run off to my solicitors, who would get disclaimers, withdrawals, apologies and what not,

or else substantial damages. The page of "Musical News" containing the denunciation has ever since been busily circulated; but I have had no reason to regret having adhered to my resolution never to turn the Maxim guns of the law upon an opponent save in the very last resort. Would that these professors were equally magnanimous, or that I had been born with a taste for their music! I really wonder why editors persist in employing me in the face of the long series of attacks on me in the columns of various musical and daily journals, at Royal Academy of Arts banquets, or in the shape of messages from music publishers.

This digression sufficiently explains my attitude towards Dr. Parry as a lecturer: I feel it incumbent on me to treat him with generous affability. No excuses are needed for Dr. Parry as composer of the lecture he delivered on 8 February; for his matter was valuable, the result of hard thought combined with clear insight, and it was logically arranged. But Dr. Parry, as executant of his own composition, as elocutionary virtuoso, was perhaps a little too much the musician, varying the tempo most unexpectedly, first dragging out his sentences at a laborious adagio, and anon going ahead prestissimo "at the rate of twelve semiquavers to the bar," as my valued friend and faithful reporter Mr. Jacques would say. Still, the important thing is that the matter of the lecture was generally excellent, and always plausible, even when one could not accept it as true. There is no clearer-headed thinker about music than Dr. Parry, and, on the whole, no one whose knowledge is at once so wide and so complete; for though others may have more profound and exact knowledge of particular periods, and others again may possess a little wider general knowledge, yet Dr. Parry's combination of width with depth and precision is quite unique. This lecture of 8 February, the second of a series of three on "Realism and Idealism in Music," and dealing with the subject from the critic's point of view, made demands upon only the most superficial of Dr. Parry's resources. It is just a little obvious that some of the great composers—Bach and Beethoven, for examples—were great and severe critics of their own work, and took unheard of pains to realize their ideals. I would rather have heard whether Dr. Parry reckons Mozart and Handel less self-critical because they hit upon the right phrase without the endless try and try again method by which those other composers attained their end, and whether he considers them inferior artists on that account. Is Mozart's G minor quintet a smaller work of art than Beethoven's posthumous quartet in C sharp minor, because the latter was the result of infinite labour and struggle while the other was written straight off "as one writes a letter"; is "Worthy is the Lamb" less stupendous than the greatest choruses in the "Christmas Oratorio"? Another point struck me as curious. Dr. Parry gave us the early and then the later version of Bach's first prelude of the Forty-eight—the one well known to have been written as an accompaniment to a melody by Gounod—and he declared that the first form was "dull" and without point. Now I fancy that if he will play over that early prelude without thinking of the magnificent piece of music it ultimately became, he will find it has a beauty of its own, is very far from dull, and is inferior to the other merely because it is less true: it does not render the emotion with fidelity. As sound-patterns there is very little to choose between them: indeed, regarded simply as a sound-pattern, the finished work is a trifle pretentious compared with the slender charm of the sketch. One of the most interesting portions of the afternoon's talk to me was that dealing with criterions of criticism. It may readily be imagined that I cordially agree with Dr. Parry that we easily mistake conventions for infallible and eternal truths, and thus (for instance) come to praise this work because it is written in sonata form, and damn that because it is not; and that we may entirely misunderstand an artist's aim, like the critics who judged "Parsifal" as an attempt after another "Elijah." I am even prepared to admit the possibility of "Judith" and "King Saul" being great works of art, which I may be forgiven if I guess was the thought lying behind Dr. Parry's utterance. But, as he conceded, the best criterion is suscepti-

bility to beautiful music; though, as he did not claim, the greater technical insight and knowledge a critic has the more likely are his judgments to prove true in the long run. It costs me a good deal to say this, for it is generally known that my position as a musical critic is due to my power of making musical topics interesting to the man in the club, to my being, in short, "a literary mountebank with a smattering of music"; and I shrink from confessing the truth rather to be that I am, as another critic thought fit to call me, "a musical mountebank with a smattering of literature." And when my musical sensitiveness prevents me liking a certain kind of music, and my insight and knowledge show me how that music was made, it is difficult to persuade me that I am in the same boat with the Chinaman who likes neither that kind of music nor any Western kind. As for the rest of the lecture, in which Dr. Parry chatted amiably about "the intellectual—the emotional—proportion and disproportion—detail and design" and so on, it was all very delightful, and probably not ten per cent. of the audience understood a word of it. The musical examples, agreeably played and sung by two young artists whose names, I regret to say, failed to remain in my memory, were not essential—were, in fact, a little superfluous; but they helped to brighten up the proceedings. The last lecture of the series will be given at three o'clock to-day, when, I hope, all musical London will be at the first Crystal Palace Concert. Still, those who are indisposed to wander so far afield in search of fine orchestra-playing will find a dose of Dr. Parry not ungrateful, if they go prepared to hear a serious discourse seriously delivered.

We have all known Mr. David Bispham for years as a wondrously clever fellow, but few of us, I suspect, took him to be quite so clever as he showed himself on Tuesday afternoon last. An artist who with such a programme can draw an audience which fits St. James's Hall as a snail fits its shell, can do anything, and with sufficient provocation will not hesitate to try. The programme was entirely modern, unless you reckon Mendelssohn one of the ancients; for, beginning with a piece by that eminent composer, it included compositions by Schumann, Liszt, Verdi, Max Bruch, Tschai-kowsky, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, and in fact nearly every modern musician one can think of down to Tosti and Henschel. The artists were Mr. Bispham himself, Miss Camilla Landi, Miss Fanny Davies, Mr. Hermann Vezin and Mr. Piatti. Three of these at least can often be heard at the "Pops," and the other two are not exactly overwhelming attractions; yet with them and that extraordinarily daring, almost impudent, programme Mr. Bispham managed to fill his hall. It was a wonderful feat—one which shows that if Mr. Bispham had not the misfortune to be a great singer, he might easily become the first of living entrepreneurs. As it is, I strongly recommend all young artists to go to him for advice before leaving their fate in the hands of the regular agents. You need only get his secret from him, and success is assured you, provided you have Mr. Bispham's ability and his patience. What the secret is, I do not pretend to know; and after all, it is my business to deal here with that which is no secret, namely, Mr. Bispham's extremely fine singing. On Tuesday he sang two sets of songs, and I believe the audience were industriously encoring the second as I left. The first was made up of a string of songlets by Mr. Tosti and "When I was a page," from Verdi's "Falstaff." The Tosti snatches of melody proved pleasant, though I should not like to say how much of their effect was due to the composer and how much to the singer. The Verdi snatch is what we all know, and Mr. Bispham sang it in that delightfully gay and skittish fashion which we also know. The second set was more ambitious. The first of the series, a new song, "Salomo," by Mr. Henschel, seemed to me, if I must be frank, little more than a long continued and exquisitely painful howl; but of course I am prepared to admit that a re-hearing may reveal undreamed-of beauties. But the next item, a song by Christian Sinding, a Norwegian composer, of whose music I had never heard a note, is a curious, and at times a really lovely, exploitation of peasant melody and

peasant-like naïve religious ecstasy. Possibly there is not a bar of unadulterated folk-tune in it; but the spirit is there, and it comes out markedly in the change from the solemnity of "The Father sitting amid the angel host" to the broad comedy of Saint Peter sitting "by the door a-mending worn-out shoon." Tschai-kowsky's setting of Goethe's "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt" somehow lacks conviction: it gives one an odd impression that things came too easily to Tschai-kowsky for him ever to have known any very deep yearning: that not only was he treated generously by the world, but that he very easily expressed himself in plausible form, and so got rid at once of emotions of which both greater and lesser men managed to disburden themselves only after they had endured long torment. Hans Sommer's "Die Lippen rege nicht" is gay, and as near to being frothy as a German can very well come. As to Mr. Bispham's singing of these songs, what new thing can one say? His voice is of a fine quality, it is nobly and sympathetically used, intellectually and emotionally his singing is perfect, one finds it impossible to say that this or that might be better; and there is nothing fresh to be said. As for the rest of the programme, it was very nice; the audience applauded nearly everything wildly; and in a word, the concert was one of those stupendous successes that fairly take one's breath away when one realizes what the concert-giver has dared and accomplished.

J. F. R.

#### THE TAILOR AND THE STAGE.

AMONG the announcements for the forthcoming season I find one concerning an entertainment of Living Pictures to be given at St. George's Hall in the first weeks of May. Mr. Coote and his supporters need not be alarmed: far from being an exhibition of nudities, these pictures, it is promised, will be an exhibition of dress, including the dress of the future as well as that of the present and of the past. Indeed, the pictures of the eighteenth century, of medieval Italy, of ancient Greece, and so on, are evidently only to lead up to the real point of the enterprise—the pictures of the twentieth century. The artists will be Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Henry Holiday, Mrs. Louise Jopling, Mr. Lasenby Liberty, and Mr. G. A. Storey, R.A., who come forward to justify the ways of the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union. The aims of this Society I infer from its title, having no further acquaintance with it than an occasional glimpse of its illustrated fashion journal of twentieth-century modes, called "Aglaiä."

I need not say what wild hopes such an enterprise raises in an unfortunate dramatic critic at a period when actors and actresses are little more than walking fashion-plates. The actor, in particular, with his carefully ironed new trousers, and his boots conscientiously blacked on the sole underneath the arch of the foot, is a curiously uncomfortable spectacle. The interest and fascination of dramatic storytelling are so intense that the most nonsensical stage arrangements, provided they are customary, or even the entire absence of scenery and historic costume, can be overcome by ever so little real drama and real acting. But in our theatres at present there is so seldom either drama or acting that I find myself compelled to study the adjuncts of the drama in order to prevent myself publicly and scandalously going to sleep at my post. I have gradually come to regard the leading man in a play as a set of applied tailor's measurements; so that, if any one were to get up an exhibition of clothes worn by popular actors, I would undertake, without consulting the catalogue, to point out at sight which suits were Mr. Lewis Waller's, which Mr. George Alexander's, which Mr. Coghlan's, and so on; whereas if I were to meet these gentlemen themselves in a swimming-bath, I should probably not recognize them. This does not mean that the clothes are characteristic of the men: it means that the clothes have usurped the men's place. In moments of passion the men rebel: Mr. Waller, for instance, who never escapes from the tyranny of the Maddox Street tailor (at least I have never seen him in a costume-play), always shows strong feeling on the stage by biting his lips and making a determined attempt to escape from his cloth



prison at the wrists and ankles. I remember once, when he was astonishing the audience by a moment of almost passionate intensity of feeling, hearing a lady in the stall behind mine exclaim, "How wonderfully Waller is coming out!" She was perfectly right: he was coming out almost to the elbows; and the action conveyed to me irresistibly the actor's sense that if he could only come out of his tailor's tubes altogether, he could show the audience what a real man was like—which is the essence of acting. Take another example—Mr. Alexander in "The Prisoner of Zenda." In the first act (not the prologue) he appears in fashionable tourist costume, with a soft hat, thus enjoying the utmost concessions the West-End tailor makes to humanity even in holiday-time. But the suit effaces the man literally at every turn. The man has knees and elbows (the fact is proved in the other acts); but the suit says, "I have no knees and no elbows; and the man who gets inside me and sits down near the fire with his arms bent murders me." The trousers consent to repress the fickle flexibility of the human leg every evening for a couple of hours only on condition of re-forming themselves on the stretcher during the other twenty-two, it being understood, of course, that the wearer will always be gentleman enough to recognize the necessity of lacing his boots first and putting on his trousers afterwards. Mr. Alexander has been hardened into iron by these rigorous terms. He has carried to an extraordinary degree the art of doing without his knees and elbows; and I have no doubt that the comparative coldness of his style is due to his keeping carefully away from the fire. Hence his pre-eminence among leading gentlemen. But wait for the third act of "The Prisoner of Zenda," where Rassendyl appears in an undress tunic. The suit of clothes is changed into a man; the name of Alexander springs into meaning and denotes force and personality; the actor looks alive all over as well as at the fingers and lips (an indecency which it is the great object of modern stage training to avert); he drops ten years of his apparent age; his spirits rise; he gambols about; he enjoys his part; and when the curtain falls and he returns to his dressing-room, he flatly refuses to resume his chains, and plays the last act boldly in his shirtsleeves.

The more a human being is an artist by temperament, the more intolerable to him is the hampered movement and sartorial preoccupation of the modern gentleman. My main reason for adopting literature as a profession was, that as the author is never seen by his clients, he need not dress respectably. As a stock-broker, a doctor, or a man of business, I should have had to wear starched linen and a tall hat, and to give up the use of my knees and elbows. Literature is the only genteel profession that has no livery—for even your painter meets his sitters face to face—and so I chose literature. You, friendly reader, though you buy my articles, have no idea of what I look like in the street—if you did, you would probably take in some other paper. Now if the tyranny of fashion is intolerable to the author, whose art is not one of personal display, what must it be to the actor, whose art is all personal display? As I have said, the more he is a born artist, the less he is at home in modern fashionable attire, and the more effective he is in a rational and artistic dress. Let me again illustrate from our stage. Mr. Forbes Robertson is a painter as well as an actor. Mr. Bernard Gould is that eminent black-and-white draughtsman, Mr. J. B. Partridge; and for all I know, he may be an eminent sculptor, architect, and goldsmith under three other names. Now Mr. Forbes Robertson as a modern gentleman is a deplorable spectacle; but as Romeo, in a dress designed by himself, he is handsome; and as Lancelot, in a fifteenth-century Italian costume designed by Burne Jones, he is a St. George: you hear the women in the theatre gasp with pure admiration when he appears. As to Mr. Gould, I invite those who have seen him as Biron in "Love's Labour Lost," as Pierrot in De Banville's "Le Baiser," as Ulrik Brendel in "Rosmersholm" (a mere matter of a riding-coat and top-boots), or even in the indifferent Bulgarian uniform of Sergius Saranoff in "Arms and the Man," to go to the Criterion Theatre, and contemplate him as the fashionable seducer in Mr. Carton's adaptation of "L'Ami des Femmes." His

whole aspect seems to say, "How can you expect me to seduce anybody in this confounded frock coat and this idiotic collar and scarf? They don't give a man a chance."

I might easily multiply instances. Try to conceive what our notion of Sir Henry Irving as an actor would be if we had never seen him dressed otherwise than as a fashionable doctor. Consider why the most commonplace harlequin in a provincial pantomime is so much more lively and expressive in his action than a West-End actor-manager in a modern play. No matter where you pick your illustration, you will be driven to the same conclusion: namely, that the art of acting is half strangled by the fashionable tailor. Obviously this is not the tailor's fault. He will make you a tunic and a pair of knee-breeches or knickerbockers just as willingly as a coat and trousers, if you give him the order. Why do you not give him the order? The answer must take the shape of a profound disquisition on morals and civilization.

Now that we are nearly done with the nineteenth century, it can hurt no one's feelings to remark that it has been one in which the leading faculty has been the business faculty, and the leading ambition the attainment of unprecedented riches. Functional adaptation has worked towards capitalism rather than towards art or religion. We have kept up an air of supporting the arts by substituting respectability for the beauty of life, regularity of arrangement for the beauty of form, laundry work for beauty of colour, historical interest for beauty of theme, and so on. If you take a man in whom this substitution has been completely effected by deliberate precept and social environment (as far as such dehumanization is possible), and present to him a fabric which drapes in graceful folds and is beautiful in colour, he will immediately pronounce it eminently unsuitable for use as a dress material. The folds are irregular, and therefore disreputable; the colour is sensuous, and therefore immoral; the general effect appeals to the individual, idiosyncratic preference, and is, therefore, eccentric and in bad taste. Only, if the colour be a very bright primary one—say bright scarlet or yellow—which will show the least speck of dust or weatherstain, and will not, like the tertiary colours, soften and actually take on a new beauty as it wears, he will admit its suitability for uniforms to be worn on State occasions. But for everyday wear absolute perfection means to him shiny black and shiny white—the absence of colour with the maximum of surface polish, the minimum of drapery, and the most conclusive evidence of newness and washedness. At first his great difficulty was with his shirt, because folds and even outrageous crumples were unavoidable if it was to be worn at all. But, at all events, a part of the shirt could be stiff, like a cuirass. So he took a piece of linen large enough to cover his chest, and at first, not realizing that it only needed originality and courage to immediately attain his ideal of no folds at all, arranged the folds in perfectly rectangular parallel rows, by means of his great invention of box-plaiting. Down the middle, as a last concession to the traditions of the chemise, he affixed a frill, like a row of textile parsley. Thus he produced the British Islander's shirt-front. In his delight with it, he attached sleeves and a body; starched it within an inch of its life; put it on, with a complete clergyman's suit over it; and, restless with joy, walked about, sat down, got up, and even stooped. On removing the suit, he of course discovered that the shirt was all crumpled except the front. He therefore cut a large window out of his waistcoat, through which the uncrumpled part of his masterpiece could be viewed, and cut the coat away so as not to obstruct the window. And then he was in evening dress. Later on he discarded the row of parsley; the box-plaits went next; the button-holes were reduced from three to one by the more logical spirits; variegated studs gave way to the colourless diamond or even the vapid mother-of-pearl; and finally the shirt was buttoned behind, leaving the front so unbrokenly perfect that poets and artists could not behold it without longing to write a sonnet or draw a caricature on it.

Meanwhile, the hatter and the tailor had been at work. They had observed that the human body presents two aspects—the flat and the cylindrical. They accordingly applied planes and cylinders of shiny black

to it; and lo! the frock-coat, the trousers, and the tall-hat, correctly named "Cylinderhut" by the Germans. The bootmaker was baffled by Nature in applying this formula; so he adapted the human toes to the simple and regular form of a bishop's mitre, and so produced, with the help of Day & Martin, the fashionable boot.

There are persons who affirm that the cylinder hat and trousers are the most comfortable, convenient, useful, and natural coverings for the legs and head, and that on this ground they can never be displaced by the fads of dress reformers. Some of these persons know no better: others, I regret to say, are hardened and intentional liars, as you may see by their sporting suits the moment they escape from the scrutiny of London to the license of holiday life in the country. Respectability in dress is happily breaking down at a fairly rapid pace now. First the shirt-front was reduced to absurdity by its own act in asserting an independent existence as a dickey. Then it went into paper, and in that vulgar material outshone its original whiteness and shininess. Then it condescended to celluloid, so that the wearer might keep it up to the mark with his nailbrush whenever he washed his hands. Then certain women took to wearing it; and instantly the dormant sense of beauty in man woke up and saw that it was horribly ugly. Then science began to hint, as far as it could do so without compromising its social position, that starch and blacking are not material forms of cleanliness—that, if you come to that, they are material forms of dirt, destructive to the dead leather of our boots, and unhealthy for the live leather on our chests. Dr. Jaeger made the ungentlemanly but irrefragable remark that the verdict of the nose was against the black and white ideal of purity; and on that shrewd hit he established the cult of all-wool. White bread and black boots were challenged by brown bread and brown boots. A subsartorial revolution went on in underclothing; and the bolder spirits are now beginning to discard what they formerly only dodged. The bicycle "caught on"; and the man of forty discovered that it was possible to pass for thirty in knickerbockers. And so, to make a long story short, we have come to the right moment for Living Pictures from the year 1925 (say) by the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union. I respectfully recommend them to the attention of our "leading gentlemen" of the stage as a possible chance for them to persuade the public that the prevalent notion that they cannot act is but an illusion produced by their tailors. G. B. S.

### MONEY MATTERS.

**M**ONEY was plentiful during the week, and enough was forthcoming to satisfy all Stock Exchange requirements, though the rates were a shade higher on Thursday, the last day of the Settlement. Day-to-day loans were arranged at  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 per cent., and the same rate obtained for short periods. Advances at 1 per cent. were not numerous;  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. was the usual rate at which money was lent. Stock Exchange loans were arranged at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. The Discount market was quiet and, towards the end of the week, inactive. The rate for three and four months' bills was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent.; for six months',  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. Home Government stocks were steady. Consols, after touching 108 $\frac{1}{2}$ , receded to 108 $\frac{1}{2}$  on Thursday. On 3 March they will be quoted ex-div. Gilt-edged Home securities yield only from  $2\frac{3}{4}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on present prices, and Home Railways (Ordinary stocks) from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; whilst even good South American Railway Debentures yield only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., which seems little enough. Indian and Colonial stocks were firm. The Bank rate is unchanged at 2 per cent.

The Stock Exchange was mainly occupied during the past week with the Settlement, which passed off very easily. Home Railways continued to show an upward tendency, owing to investment purchases and the very favourable traffic returns, among which the Great Northern were conspicuously good. There was a slight fall in some of the Scotch stocks. On Thursday Home Railways generally were from 1 to 3 per cent. above last Saturday's quotations, the North-Eastern and

Midland being particularly strong. The improvement in the political prospect lent a certain buoyancy to American Railways, and New York buying helped the upward movement.

South African mines continue to be swayed by the market interpretations of the latest news concerning the Transvaal or Charterland. At the beginning of the week the general excitement rose to such a pitch that a premature "boom" seemed quite within the range of possibility. When, however, it transpired that blocks of bankrupt stocks were being put on the market by holders here and abroad, the sanguine feeling cooled down, and a considerable part of the rise which had taken place since last Saturday was lost. The French, in defiance of the recent paternal admonition of the Russian Finance Minister, have again bought very largely, and thus contributed to the advance in prices. This special attention to Chartered shares was probably due to the article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." The value of these shares is for the present quite a matter of sentiment; but the intended cultivation of "tea, coffee, spices, and perhaps cotton," is not exactly a promising development of affairs. Business was fairly active in the general Mining market, and Indian gold shares showed an improvement in prices. Transactions in copper were fairly numerous, and the metal was dearer, with a good demand for it. Rio Tinto, after declining to 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ , stood on Thursday at 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ . "Anacondas" are to be introduced in Paris, as there is no free market for them here. Little business was done in Silver, which was firmer on Thursday at 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz., and Rupee-paper rose to 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The announcement of the dividend drove Canadian Pacific shares to 60 $\frac{1}{2}$  on Tuesday; they subsequently fell to 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; but on Thursday closed higher again at 59 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Grand Trunk and Mexican Railway stocks fluctuated irregularly. "South Americans" show a further improvement all round. The Brazilian exchange is worse, whilst the gold premium at Buenos Ayres is down to 211. If this decline continues most of the English undertakings in Argentina will be considerably benefited. In the Foreign market there was a general advance in prices. "Egyptians" were harder, "Russians" stationary, and "Italians" weak, whilst Spanish stocks were actually higher, being supported by the "bear" position and the anticipations of General Weyler's speedy success. The new Chinese loan is not concluded yet, and as the last Six per Cent. loan gives a return of about 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., it is not likely that the public will take an inferior new Five per Cent. loan at 95.

We have had our attention drawn to the fact that the Thames Hauraki Goldfields, Limited, the prospectus of which was issued last week, was promoted by a mysterious concern called the Austin Friars Finance Syndicate, Limited. We have reason to believe that this Austin Friars Finance Syndicate is a scheme of Messrs. Haggard, Hale, & Pixley's, and, if this is so, we should like to know a little more about it. We want, if it is possible, to ascertain the exact powers of members of the Stock Exchange to associate themselves with company-promoting syndicates, and companies generally, in regard to which no prospectus or particulars are issued to the public. It is perfectly true that brokers of the Stock Exchange are not allowed to advertise for clients, but it is also a fact that the majority of them have a very large circle of clients. Why should it be possible for these brokers to offer to their clients privately shares in new concerns the full particulars of which they do not care to issue publicly? We do not accuse Messrs. Haggard, Hale, & Pixley, but Messrs. Earlam, Booth, & Foster, to whom we have previously referred in connexion with the Anglo-Westralian Explorations, Limited, as we understand, have done this.

In the action of North v. Harris, to which we refer elsewhere, the plaintiff in cross-examination cheerfully stated that he had lost large sums of money in connexion with all the companies which he had promoted. It is a singular fact that Mr. T. H. North is not alone among company-promoters in this particular respect, for several of his professional brethren have been similarly



afflicted. That good philanthropist, Mr. H. S. Foster, for instance, has invariably lost money in endeavouring to find the public good investments. Mr. J. C. Cottam has also been extremely unfortunate in the same way; and we feel sure that we can remember Mr. Horatio Bottomley stating—nay, swearing—that he had sunk the principal part of his private resources in the disastrous Hansard Union. The noble spirit of self-sacrifice seems to be quite a special characteristic of the company-promoting genus.

In reply to several correspondents, we may say that the fullest and most reliable report of the action of North v. Harris will be found in the "Times" of February 8.

#### NEW ISSUES, &c.

NORTH v. HARRIS.

#### VERDICT AND COSTS FOR THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

Our readers may remember that, as a consequence of our pungent criticism of the prospectus of one of the numerous worthless companies in which he is interested, Mr. T. H. North, who describes himself variously as an "old journalist" and an "advertising agent," but who is, in reality, a company-promoter, thought proper to enter an action against the proprietor of the SATURDAY REVIEW to recover heavy damages for "libel." This action was commenced nearly eleven months ago, and, despite our efforts to expedite its hearing, only came on for trial on Friday, the 7th inst. Our case was in the hands of Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., and Mr. Cock, Q.C., while Mr. Carson, Q.C., represented the plaintiff. We had scarcely expected to see Mr. T. H. North in the witness-box; but, having got him there, Sir Edward Clarke, who has seldom appeared to greater advantage, subjected him to two hours of merciless cross-examination. From the commencement of his cross-examination Mr. T. H. North slowly went to pieces. He had no real defence to offer to our charges against him, and his admissions brought interrogatories even from the Lord Chief Justice. Mr. T. H. North admitted his connexion with the companies we had named; they were all failures, or partial failures, and he assented to the suggestion that the public had lost large sums of money by them. Out of the long list of companies with which he had been connected, he could not name a single successful concern. He admitted strange facts in regard to his curious behaviour as director of certain companies, and he also feebly agreed that the "interim" and other dividends paid by several of those companies were bogus dividends. The disgraceful circumstances surrounding the inception of the Penmon Quarries, Limited, the Farthing Letter Card, Limited, the Uranium Mines, Limited, and the Concessions Trust, Limited, were fully gone into, as also was Mr. T. N. North's close and intimate connexion with the notorious firm known as Elborough Brothers. Asked if a shareholder in the Uranium Mines, Limited, had not succeeded in an action brought against that Company on the ground of fraud, Mr. T. H. North replied, "No, it was not fraud; it was misrepresentation"! This fine distinction convulsed the Court. There was also misrepresentation (not fraud) in the prospectus of the Penmon Quarries, Limited, and the Concessions Trust, Limited; and Sir Edward Clarke had a good deal more misrepresentation (not fraud) in store for Mr. T. H. North if he had presented himself for further cross-examination after the adjournment for lunch. But when the Court resumed Mr. Carson got up and said that Mr. T. H. North had "elected" not to proceed with the action. Upon this the Lord Chief Justice, having directed the jury to return a verdict for the defendant, gave judgment with costs for the SATURDAY REVIEW. Mr. T. H. North's disinclination to return to the witness-box did not create any surprise, the only astonishment expressed being that such a man should have ventured to submit himself to cross-examination at all. We may say that Mr. T. H. North has all along displayed reluctance to hasten on the trial of his action against us, and he has approached our solicitors upon more than one occasion with offers to "drop" the proceedings if we would only agree to "let him alone" in the future. It is needless to state

that these generous offers were promptly declined, as we had no intention whatever of leaving Mr. T. H. North alone so long as he continued to foist swindling company schemes upon the public. In fact, so little did we desire to leave Mr. T. H. North alone, that we went steadily on, after the issue of his writ, attacking every new concern he brought out which appeared to us to merit adverse criticism. The most notable of these was the Mozambique Reefs, Limited, of the promotion of which we have from time to time given the history. Our proceedings in this respect were a great surprise to Mr. T. H. North, who had imagined that the writ which he caused to be issued against us would, pending the trial of the action, not only prevent us from referring to the various matters covered by the action, but also from dealing with his subsequent proceedings as well as any fresh promotions which he might exploit. Having said this much, it is due to ourselves to explain that in our first criticism of Mr. T. H. North we dealt with that individual in a very much milder manner than our knowledge of his previous record fully warranted. Upon that occasion (16 March, 1895) we mentioned only two of Mr. T. H. North's miserable failures. But Mr. T. H. North, and persons of his stamp, are not content with mild criticism—apparently they mistake its mildness for a sign of weakness; and they must needs attempt by means of bullying letters, scurrilous circulars, and threats of libel actions, to stifle all criticism. Such persons imagine that they should have a fair field and every favour in their attempts to despoil the investing public. It is not our intention, however, that company-promoters of this sort shall receive any such consideration at the hands of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

We are not sorry that Mr. T. H. North brought this libel action against us, since he has enabled us to justify up to the hilt our statements in regard to him. Our thanks are due to our able counsel, Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., and Mr. Cock, Q.C.

#### ABORTIVE LIBEL ACTIONS.

It is not to be supposed that in the war against dishonest company-promoters we can escape libel actions. We only publish what we have every reason to believe to be the fact; our statements are made purely and simply in the public interest, and we endeavour always to be studiously impartial in dealing with the various matters which come before us. But we object to libel actions because of the present very unsatisfactory state of the law as it affects newspapers in regard to them. Very few libel actions brought against newspapers of repute are really *bona fide*; and it is seldom, indeed, that they are carried into Court; but when they are, if the newspaper wins, it is invariably found that the plaintiff is a man of straw. The consequence is that, although the paper has won its case, it loses its very considerable costs. Another objection is that it is open to any person to issue a writ against a newspaper, and thus to a large extent "muzzle" that newspaper for some six, or nine, or twelve months (as the case may be) in regard to his proceedings. In the case of a company-promoter engaged in floating worthless ventures, it can readily be seen how this is to his advantage. There is no reason why the civil process should not be made subject to some of the stringent conditions which now govern the criminal law of libel. Day by day we see cruelly libelled persons entering civil actions against different newspapers. Supposing they have reputations worth saving, they could, by taking action in a police court, clear their characters within a very short space of time. Is it not rather singular that they always elect to proceed by the civil process which keeps their good name suspended, as it were, 'twixt earth and heaven for a period of between six months and a year?

It may not be generally known that to obtain leave to issue a summons for criminal libel application has to be made to a judge in chambers, affidavits have to be filed, and the plaintiff has, to some extent, to prove his *bona fides* in the matter. Had these conditions been in force in regard to the civil form of procedure, such an individual as Mr. T. H. North would never have succeeded in obtaining process against us.

## THE DAIMLER MOTOR COMPANY, LIMITED.

We published last year, as being matter of public interest, some correspondence on the subject of road locomotives. We now observe that a circular enclosed with the prospectus of the Daimler Motor Company, Limited, contains a reprint of one of the letters which we published, and is headed "Extract from the SATURDAY REVIEW." As this might very well lead some persons to believe that we had expressed an opinion favourable to the invention to be acquired by this Company, we desire to state that the extract in question is merely the opinion of a Mr. Frederick Simms upon the general utility of road locomotives which he expressed in a letter addressed to and published by us, as we have said. We had no idea that any company was contemplated, neither can we see what headway this concern expects to make while the English law in regard to road locomotives remains in its present condition.

## ARMADALE GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

It is no secret that the persons who are pulling the strings of the Western Australian Development Corporation, Limited, are also responsible for the promotion of the Armadale Gold Mining Company, Limited. It is just as well that shareholders in the McKenzie Gold Mines, Limited—another promotion which emanated from the same clique—should be made aware of this circumstance. As we took occasion to point out last week, the principal mover in this Western Australian Development Corporation, Limited, is a Mr. A. Crawshaw Bailey, and, as we understand that this gentleman is by trade a tailor, we are inclined to question his special qualifications as a medium for selling gold mines to the public. Moreover, we cannot understand why this Mr. Bailey takes such pains to conceal his identity in connexion with the various companies which are controlled by him. On the prospectus of the McKenzie Gold Mines Mr. Bailey appeared as "Messrs. Thos. Floyd & Co."; while in regard to the others he does not appear at all. But he is there, all the same. We cannot think that the public will benefit by taking shares in the gold mining companies of Mr. Bailey's selection, and we do not recommend them to do so. We say this quite apart from the singular history of the McKenzie Gold Mines, Limited, and the price stated to have been paid for the Glenloth property. The Armadale Gold Mining Company, Limited, would appear to be offered to the public simply on the strength of what a Mr. Frank Nicolas has to say about it. This gentleman's name is mentioned, in connexion with flattering references to the Armadale property, no less than eight times in the course of a very short prospectus. We are surprised to see upon the prospectus of this Armadale Company the names of Mr. James Lidderdale and Colonel Keyser. As Sir William Young, an original Director of the McKenzie Company, has now seen fit to dissociate himself from Mr. Crawshaw Bailey's schemes, we do not think that those gentlemen would act unwisely in following his example.

## THE ANCHOR TIN MINE, LIMITED (TASMANIA).

We have received the following letter from Mr. John Fraser, in reply to the letter from Sir Edward Braddon which was published in our last issue:—

BILLITER HOUSE, LONDON, E.C., 11 February, 1896.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter on this subject just published by you has greatly surprised me, as emanating from Sir Edward Braddon, whom I had the great pleasure of meeting here occasionally whilst he officiated as Agent-General of Tasmania. Nearly the whole of my relatives have for many years been settled in that colony, and therefore I feel particularly sensitive with regard to all matters concerning the place and its people. It may be owing to the ill-tempered and vituperative spirit in which Sir Edward has on this occasion unfortunately expressed himself, that he omitted to answer either the material points in my former letter, or your observations upon it; and he has not improved his position by giving expression to most reckless and untrue aver-

ments with regard to myself. The Member of the Tasmanian Assembly to whom he refers did not write, or have anything whatever to do with the composition of, my letter; and, as I never saw a prospectus of the Anchor Tin Mine Company until many months after its incorporation, it is impossible that I could either have expressed any approval of it, or offered to assist in the promotion of the Company, or to recommend the venture to any one. In the money articles of the "Times" of the 25th and 27th November last, precisely similar views to those entertained by you throughout are expressed.

In this federative age members of our colonial Legislature cannot feel surprise at their procedure being regarded in this country as public matter for fair criticism. Sir Edward Braddon, when next addressing you, will have abundant opportunity of stating, once for all, and in explicit terms, the interest, if any, which he had in the sale to an English Corporation for £100,000 of the mining property in question, which had just previously changed hands in Tasmania for the proportionately small sum of £6,000. He should also explain the grounds upon which he justifies his close alliance, as Premier of the colony, with the Tasmanian Board of Directors of the Company referred to. These subjects would prove more interesting to your readers than Sir Edward Braddon's observations with regard either to his Opposition member or his offending cousin.—  
Your obedient servant,  
JOHN FRASER.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## STEPNIAK AND TERRORISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

CHISWICK, 5 February, 1896.

SIR,—Your views upon Russian internal politics may or may not be right; but I believe that the cowardly and virulent attack upon a dead foreigner which defaces your last issue will excite nothing but disgust among all decent Englishmen who may have seen it. The extent of your reviewer's information was indicated by the fact that, while essaying to correct Mr. Herbert Thompson in the spelling of Russian names, he cannot himself spell the perfectly well-known name of the man he is traducing, which was Kravchinsky, and not "Krachkovski." The character of his taste may be guessed from his quotation of the benevolent old tag *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* in the midst of an indictment of Stepniak which includes no less grave counts than murder, incitement to murder, readiness to blow up an Imperial palace, and a degree of amiable hypocrisy and treacherousness which can only be conveyed by Byron's "immortal picture" of the despicable Lambro. This is the way in which you and your anonymous slanderer break the harmonious tribute of grief and sympathy which marked Stepniak's obsequies in London a month ago. Setting aside the question of knowledge and taste, you can hardly refuse me space in which to point out, as a friend of the maligned statesman and artist, the extreme and gratuitous injustice you have perpetrated. I will allude to three specific points, and to them only.

1. You say: "In July, 1878, Stepniak stabbed to death in broad daylight at St. Petersburg General Mezentzev, and managed to escape," &c. The man who penned these lines, and other phrases in which the same statement is venomously summarized, knows perfectly well that he could not substantiate them. He knows that Stepniak was never tried on such a charge either in Russia or in England, since the Russian Government never lodged it against him in our extradition Courts, as they might easily have done had they had anything which Englishmen would have regarded as satisfying evidence in confirmation of the allegation. I will not attempt to rival your reviewer's recklessness by an assertion of Stepniak's innocence of this deed, because that would be worthless and irrelevant. We Englishmen have a perfectly plain principle to apply in such cases: it is the principle of holding every one innocent till his guilt is proved, with a rather more generous margin because a foreigner has not the native's



facilities for self-defence. You and your contributor, in launching a charge which you could not, even if you were the Tsar himself, prove in a court of law, are simply taking advantage of the fact that for the dead and for the foreigner there is no legal protection against slander.

2. You suggest that up to the time of his writing his last book Stepniak was a pronounced dynamitard, and that he regarded boastfully the prospect of "a palace of the Tsar, no doubt with as many members of the Royal family as could be taken," being blown up. This is a direct and unscrupulous perversion of the sentiments set forth in "King Log and King Stork." If I had space here, I would especially quote two passages in which Stepniak alluded to the failure of the terrorist policy, and said it would be a disgrace to Russia ever again to adopt it. But, indeed, any one who knew him will know that your article is full of outrageous perversion of his opinions.

3. You represent him, at the same time, as being a mere drawing-room revolutionist, a hypocrite of the Lambro type. I will simply ask you whether any such man as you depict could have won, as Stepniak did, by his strength, his honesty, his courage, and his concern for the happiness of his fellows, the enthusiastic admiration of Radicals and Socialists of all European nations, and especially of the veterans of the Russian cause to which especially he had devoted the best years of his too short life.—Yours, &c. G. H. PERRIS.

[The account of the murder of General Mezentzev, and the flight of the man who afterwards called himself Stepniak, will be found in the number of the leading Russian journal, the "Novoye Vremya," for 18 December, 1895. It is contained in a notice of the accident whereby he met his death. His real name is there said to be Krachkovski, and it will readily be believed that the Russians are far more likely to know what it really was than Mr. Perris and his English friends. The crime was notorious in Russia, and there could not be a mistake in such a matter. Probably, as Stepniak posed as a political criminal, the Russians did not demand his extradition. They may have considered it would be useless. Is Mr. G. Perris sure that they did not? I will only add that he has not refuted any of my statements. I have given references to the pages of Stepniak's book in support of the opinions assigned to him. Mr. Perris, who is in such a state of rage that he casts logic to the winds, writes of what he *could* prove, but proves nothing. He is simply abusive. He should remember that men who commit murders are not above criticism, his friend included.—THE REVIEWER.]

#### PROFESSOR TYRRELL ON EXAMINATIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

POWIS SQUARE, LONDON, W., 5 February.

SIR,—I am easy to "propitiate." So far as I can remember, this is Professor Tyrrell's first attempt to propitiate me. To compare me to the "plume-tossing" Hector is a great compliment. I am sure it is not a jeer at the fact that I am small and weak. But I am not "plume-tossing" as an aggressor. I am trying to defend myself against Professor Tyrrell's charges. I hope Professor Tyrrell is not hoping, with any good reason, to drag my lifeless body three times round the walls of Troy and then sell it for gold.

Professor Tyrrell says his "rhetoric is going astray." It is going after his logics and ethics, in company with his accuracy. "I would say, when I think of Mr. Wren, What is man that I am mindful of him, or the son of man that I consider him?" If your readers will look at Job vii. 17, or Ps. viii. 4 or cxliv. 3, or Heb. ii. 6, they will see that Professor Tyrrell did not "verify his references." This was weak, as he could have found the sneer he seems to have been peering about for had he stuck to Job and explained his little joke. A sarcasm that needs explanation hurts no one.

As for *viva-voce* examination, I have only to say that I, like (I believe) the great majority of Cambridge men, think the question has been settled. The arguments against entirely outweigh those for it. A *viva voce* is of great use in a qualifying examination. It is of still more use as an instrument of education. Professor

Tyrrell speaks with praise of *viva-voce* examination as enabling a man to show his ability "in putting all his goods in the window." The man who does that has a very limited capital, a very little stock, and a small window. I am reminded of Bob Sawyer's chemist's shop. And I wonder whether Professor Tyrrell ever heard of John Galt and Lawrie Todd. (I wish I could verify my reference. But I cannot.)

Finally, I can part with Professor Tyrrell with very great pleasure. I agree with him in one matter. I am not altogether a rank outsider in my London *officina*, so long as I can give evidence in support of Professor Tyrrell's case. He says, "versification in Greek and Latin should be compulsory." It should. "The cry against Greek and Latin verse is the cry of the incompetent." It is. I say "Ditto to Mr. Burke"—I mean Mr. Tyrrell. But I am sorry to say he breaks down in his summing up. He says that in the I. C. S. examination there is in Mathematics the Elementary and the Advanced division. So "let there be elementary classics and higher classics." This is, I believe, wrong. Let us have "*Mathematics*" and no schedules to guide incompetent teachers. Classics should be classics—the language, literature, history, philosophy of ancient Greek and Latin and composition therein—namely, Latin and Greek prose and verse.

This permission to take up either Philology or Verse Composition, but not both, let me add for Professor Tyrrell's information, was intended to cut down the superiority of Cambridge classics over Oxford classics. The Cambridge men can do Greek and Latin composition all round. Many Oxford men can't. They can do Philology. The men who can do both are reduced to the level of those who can do only one.—Your faithful servant,

WALTER WREN.

#### THE KAFIRS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

PETERSFIELD, 27 January, 1896.

SIR,—I agree with Sir Lepel Griffin that it is a shameful thing to permit the Amir of Afghanistan to destroy the independence of that strange and interesting people, the Kafirs, but how without breach of faith towards that prince can we interfere for their protection?

By the Durand Agreement we sold to Abdur Rahman the liberty to reduce this one little State to bondage, in exchange for his consent to our extinguishing the independence of a large number of tribes of Afghan blood, over whom he had always been seeking to establish his authority; and shall we repudiate the one territorial condition in that agreement favourable to our ally, after taking full advantage of those supposed to be profitable to ourselves? Surely we must keep faith with some one? If not with a little people like the Swatis, then with a powerful ruler like the Amir; if not for honour's sake, then for the sake of the troops whom we have scattered along the Afghan frontier in the midst of an aggrieved and revengeful population, whose smouldering hate it would be easy for him to fan into flame?

It may be said that Kafiristan is so poor a country that it should be easy for England to ransom her fair-haired, blue-eyed sons and daughters from the clutches of their intended conqueror. At what price? More arms to be turned, some day, against ourselves? More money to equip a larger Afghan army, or to subsidize men whom we have gratuitously made our foes? Money and arms would fail to satisfy a ruler who is as covetous of territory as ourselves, and who, hemmed in by Russia and Great Britain, sees his country deprived of all power of expansion except in this one direction.

Perhaps if the British Government were prepared to resign the last spoils of the forward policy—Swat and Chitral—they might be able to induce the Amir to stay his hand in Kafiristan, since there would be some gain to him in our withdrawal, even at one point, from the threatening position which we have taken up all along his frontier, and at least an act of renunciation on our part would constitute a basis on which we might suggest a similar act of renunciation on his.—Yours truly,

H B. HANNA.

## REVIEWS.

## TAFILET.

"Tafilet: the Narrative of a Journey of Exploration in the Atlas Mountains and the Oases of the North-West Sahara. By Walter B. Harris, F.R.G.S. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1896.

MR. WALTER B. HARRIS has won for himself the distinction of being the most trustworthy and well-informed of our writers on Morocco. His journey in the Yemen was a record of capital work in a difficult country, but he is more completely at home in Morocco, and on more intimate terms with the people of that country, especially the Berbers, than any other European living, with whose writings we are acquainted.

Mr. Harris, having done his work and won his spurs in the less remote and more frequently visited portions of the country, in the ways that lead from Tangier to Fez and Meknas, and from Saffi to Morocco, wastes no time in bringing his readers to the starting-point of his adventurous journey. He arrived at Saffi in a coast steamer from Tangier the second week of October, 1893, and rode on a pack mule up to the city of Morocco. The one word-picture he permits himself to lay before his readers up to this point describes the view of the valley of the Tensift backed by the snow-capped Atlas range, "the strange mingling of tropical vegetation, of fields green with crops and of peaks 13,000 and 14,000 feet high, one and all capped with snow, forming a unique scene. There, too, was the city, its minarets like little needles peeping above the level of the feathery heads of the palms, but still far away." Mr. Harris had discarded European dress even at Saffi, and entered Morocco, carefully disguised as a native of the country. His host in Morocco was Sid Abu Bekr el Ghanjaui, who has made a large fortune, and has been saved, by being under British protection, from Moorish tyranny and extortion. He was exceedingly kind and hospitable to Mr. Harris, who gives a pleasing picture of his devotion to his little daughters and their comparatively free home-life. Mr. Harris's travelling companions, the old Shereef, who had two wives and a lot of children at Dads, not far from Tafilet, and prided himself on his medical and surgical skill; the irrepressible and impish slave girl; the old Shereef's nephew, an intellectual and accomplished man, with a beautiful voice; the devout pilgrim who had travelled to Mecca and back, and whose mind had been opened to the narrowness of the theological school to which he belonged—all are sketched sympathetically and vividly by their fellow-traveller. As to Mr. Harris's remarks on the "mellah" or Jewish quarter in Morocco city, they are borne out by our own experience in Fez, Meknas, Alkasr, and other Moorish cities. There are manure-heaps at the doorsteps of the houses—clean enough within—while drunkenness, practically unknown in the rest of the city, is here an open scandal; in the city proper of Morocco the streets are wider than those of Fez, but the houses much smaller, and the whole town is in a state of visible dilapidation, the population being now but 40,000, where it is reported to have been in former days 700,000. Mr. Harris's destination was Tafilet, an ancient town, or rather district, in the Sahara at some distance on the other side of the Atlas range, a name remarkably well known in England on account of the dates that come from its vast palm forests.

Mr. Harris had been preceded in the Atlas Mountains by Sir Joseph Hooker and Mr. Joseph Thomson, but his own route was quite independent, and his success in passing through the Berber tribes was no doubt as much due to the visit of the Sultan at Tafilet as to the perfection of his own disguise and his mastery of the language. As one proceeds south from Morocco one soon gets into the country of the Berbers, of which the outward and visible sign is the improvement in the dwelling-houses, and these from stately *ksar* or castle to humble cottage are all made of *tabia* or concrete. Strange to say, while the buildings improve, the people as one goes south become poorer. The superiority in size and cleanliness of the Berber houses is found in combination with a

moral superiority which deeply impressed Mr. Harris, who knows the Arabs of Morocco well, and is by no means a severe or unsympathizing judge. It would, no doubt, be difficult to find even in lands misgoverned by Mohammedan Sultans a more vicious people than the Arabs of the Moorish towns; but the peasantry, even when they are not of Berber origin, are far superior morally to the townsfolk. Broadly speaking, however, the Berbers, who differ in appearance and dress from the Arabs, differ still more strikingly in home-life and morals, and the excellence of the dwelling-houses of the very poorest of the Berber mountaineers seems to be the expression and outcome of healthy domestic relations.

Writing of the Berbers of Dads, a most interesting valley on the further side of the Atlas range, Mr. Harris draws a pleasant picture. In good looks and build they are far superior to other tribes or peoples in Morocco. The effect of their fine physique is enhanced by the charm of their manners. Fierce in war, they are gentle in peace, and "the vices so common among the Moors are unknown in the homes of the Berbers." Again, he says, the place of uncontrollable passion in the Arabs is among the Berbers taken by affection and sincerity. The horrid disfigurements of feature so common in Morocco are unknown:—"No doubt to a great extent the moral character of the Berbers is due to the fact that their women are allowed entire liberty, do not veil their faces, and mix on all occasions with the men. One of the first things that struck me on my arrival at Dads was the good-humoured and innocent chaff that passed between the men and girls of the tribe even in the streets of the Ksar." The Berbers of Dads, in spite of the great size and strength of their fortifications, are exceedingly poor, and live frugally on inferior dried figs and the produce of the poor soil of their gardens. They are continually engaged in war with their neighbours, and are renowned for their courage and resolution. No quarter is given in these wars, but "women and children are spared and permitted to go free, and a strict code of honour prevents them being violated," whereas among the Arabs, though prisoners might be spared, women would "all be outraged, and the children as likely as not sold."

Mr. Harris has the gift of good-comradeship, and found excellent comrades in the Berber companions of his venturesome journey. The fact that Mr. Harris so successfully disguised himself that he was never suspected of being a European of course partly accounts for this; but it is evident that it requires a good deal more than this negative qualification to account for the close relations of friendship which subsisted between this apparently poor traveller and his Berber allies; though something must be allowed for the effect of his religious exercises and the length of his prayers. There was Hammu, for instance, of whom Mr. Harris writes:—"He was a simple, gentle fellow, this Hammu, but as good as could be; and many a time when we lay huddled together for a night for the sake of warmth, he would cover me up with his thick *haidus* of black goat's hair as I slept, and swear in the morning that he had not done so—that it was merely owing to the fact that he had kicked it off in my direction that accounted for his having slept in only a light cotton *chamira*, while I was warm and comfortable. [The grammar here is, unfortunately, characteristic of our author's slipshod style throughout the book.] Poor Hammu! he never learned, so far as I know, that I was a European in disguise: not that I believe he would mind much; for the friendship that sprang up between us would break through all such barriers as this. He eventually finished, on the day I departed for Tafilet, by embracing me, and asking me to return with him to Dads, and share his home, with his sister as my wife. He even promised her a dowry of a few yards of blue cotton, a pair of bracelets, and a cow." On the road from Dads to Tafilet the friends parted, when Hammu had reached a district with which his *ksar* had a blood feud. Another Dads tribesman, however, accompanied the party as their *sitat*, or guarantee against robbery and murder. This man turned out as good a comrade as Hammu. A typical Berber, six feet in height, with fair white skin and dark eyes and eyebrows, and a remarkably handsome



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face, he struck up a friendship with the disguised European, who to outward appearance was merely a poor and ragged donkey-driver. "As we tried to sleep of a night, our teeth chattering with the frost, he would cover me with his warm cloak, sharing it with me until I slept, when he would give up his half, so that I might be warmer"; and in the morning he would explain as an accident the fact that Mr. Harris awoke warm and comfortable, while the owner of the cloak was half frozen. Mr. Harris was so much troubled by a desire to have done with concealment, that he confided to the big Berber one night, as they lay huddled under the cloak, the secret of his journey. "If anything, his attention to my comforts increased after I had confided to him the fact of my disguise; and every now and then he would burst out into the merriest of laughs as we trudged along, thinking the whole affair a tremendous joke, and reiterating his approval of my venturing where none had ever trod, and where my life, if discovered, was worth probably about half an hour's purchase."

Very different and much less attractive Berbers were those of Ait Atta, whose stronghold—Ul Turug—Mr. Harris visited. Short and wiry, they profess an Arab origin, but have adopted the language, habits, and dress of the Berbers. They are great horsemen, and greater robbers and plunderers. It is remarkable how few were the wild animals Mr. Harris saw on his journey, though it must be remembered he was on the road and not in pursuit of game. The Jebel Saghrú, or anti-Atlas, is full, he thinks, of the Barbary wild sheep or muflon, who wander in large flocks unmolested by sportsmen or wild beasts; with the exception of an occasional leopard, the latter are unknown; and in this region, if the European sportsman could safely penetrate it (which, by the way, Mr. Harris considers impossible), large bags of muflon, antelope, and gazelle might be obtained. Pushing on from oasis to oasis, and inspecting the great subterranean aqueducts which carry water from the Wad Todghrá to Tiluin, a distance of eleven miles, Mr. Harris at last reached the district of Tafilet, in which the Sultan of Morocco was encamped a few hours' journey on the east side of the oasis. In the district of Tafilet (there is no town of that name) Mr. Harris visited, on the banks of the Wad Ziz, the ruins of the great city of Sijilmassa, now known as Medinet-el-Aamre, which must—to judge from its ruins—have extended five miles along the river's banks. Canals and conduits pierce the oasis in every direction—one canal was 20 to 30 feet wide, and though it was a long and exceptionally dry summer, the water was 4 to 6 feet deep, flowing very swiftly. The system of irrigation is very complete, and owing to the gradual slope of the valley is easily maintained. "It is seldom in the oasis of Tafilet that one's view extends to more than 100 yards or so in any direction. . . . This is owing to the thick growth of the date palms which rise on all sides, a bewildering forest of straight stems." "The villages of Tafilet are usually square or oblong, surrounded by high *tabia* walls of great thickness, protected at intervals by towers—one gate alone gives entrance to the *Ksar*, and this is always closed from sunset to dawn. Inside the *Ksar* are squares surrounded by houses, which are solid and very large, often several stories in height." But for a full description of this most interesting and practically unknown land we must refer our readers to the author's fascinating if carelessly written pages. The Sultan's camp consisted of near 40,000 persons, and Mr. Harris estimates the expense of his Majesty's stay of twenty days at Tafilet at nearly one million of dollars. Mr. Harris gives an exhaustive account of the palm forests and the varieties and value of the dates, which constitute practically the whole wealth and commerce of Tafilet. The slave-trade flourishes in Tafilet, the slaves being brought direct from the Sudan; the price of boys is from 30 to 40 dollars, of young girls from 100 to 120 dollars. Mr. Harris saw them freely hawked about the Sultan's camp. A day or two's journey to the south of the oasis ostriches are hunted. The horses of Tafilet are small, wiry, and handsome. Their heads are small and legs fine, and their tails better set on than the usual Barb's. They fetch high prices, and their keep is dear, as they are fed entirely on lucerne and dates. On his return journey Mr. Harris had the advantage of the company of that most charming of companions

and hosts, the Sultan's trusted officer, Kaid Maclean. So intense was the cold that at the great stone-built castle of the Kaid of Glawa, at an altitude of little under 7,000 feet above the sea, they could scarcely keep warm, and near Zarkten a waterfall had frozen and hung from the edge of the cliff above. Mr. Harris has certainly written the best, if not the only, book concerning these interesting regions of the Sahara beyond the Atlas range. He is a keen observer; but it is a great pity that he did not get his work revised, so as to remove the more glaring faults of style before letting it go to press. Nevertheless, this is but a slight blemish upon the mass of information and observation which is here collected upon a region comparatively near to Europe, and yet completely unknown. It was a mistake, however, to add the thirteenth chapter, which has nothing to do with the subject of the book. The illustrations, which were originally made for the "Illustrated London News," are numerous and excellent, and greatly enhance the value of the book.

## DONNE'S POEMS.

"Poems of John Donne." Edited by E. K. Chambers.  
With an Introduction by George Saintsbury.  
London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1896.

“DONNE will perish,” said Ben Jonson, “for want of being understood.” Donne has not perished, and never will perish, but he has paid a heavy price for his eccentricities of style, for his contempt for the labours of the file, and for that strange obliquity of genius and intellect which led him to affect singularity, at any cost, and which led him to sacrifice truth to paradox and simplicity to wit. Yet few men even in the age in which he lived were more prodigally endowed with the qualities which go to the making of poetry, and a poetry in the strict and high sense of the term. He had rapt enthusiasm; he had imagination of a high and noble order: in fancy he has no superior perhaps in the whole compass of our literature; he had the poet’s eye and the poet’s heart, and if he chose to affect a rugged and barbarous rhythm, he has left ample testimony that he possessed an exquisite sense of harmony and a rare faculty of musical expression. But, as poor Sidney Walker used to complain that he had to go where his dæmon led him, and as Rutebeuf accounted for the inequalities of his work by saying that he was no more responsible for them than for its merits, because, when he sat down to write, some Power perched on his fingers and drove them as it listed, so it might seem to have been with Donne. He seldom appears to be master of himself, of his true and better self. It is only here and there, only at intervals and by flashes, that he does full justice to his superb powers. Hence he alternately delights and disgusts us. Here we have a line, a couplet, a stanza occasionally a whole poem, which, once read, will vibrate in the memory for ever; there we have examples of what may be said to illustrate the wanton abuse of all that constitutes the power and charm of poetry—imagination, but imagination idly or extravagantly busy; fancy, but fancy out of place or perverted by conceit; passion, but passion falsified by wit; music, but music drowned in discord. Still, no one can deny that the merits of Donne as a poet far, and very far, outweigh his defects. Essentially original, his peculiarities of temper, genius, and style, even when they resolve themselves into what is critically indefensible, have a certain attractiveness for most readers, and a singular fascination for some. In his own time he was the favourite poet of Strafford, and one of the favourite poets of Charles I., and in every generation since he has had enthusiastic admirers. Historically his importance is very great. It would not, perhaps, be an exaggeration to say that, with the exception of Spenser, he had more direct influence on English poetry than any other writer of those times. He was the founder of that important school which culminated in Cowley, and whose characteristics have been so admirably analysed by Dr. Johnson. Among his disciples and imitators were Francis Beaumont, Henry King, Corbet, Carew, Davenant, Habington, Suckling, Cartwright, Cleveland, Randolph, Norris of Bemerton, Heath, Herrick, Brome, Cotton, Sir Edward Sherburne, Quarles, the two Herberts, Vaughan the Silurist, Marvell, and many others.

Indeed, it would be no exaggeration to say that between about 1612 and the Restoration the influence of Donne was the predominating influence in lyrical poetry and in heroic satire. Milton has parodied and seriously imitated him; and, though the robust good sense of Dryden broke the tradition, yet it continued potent with him almost to the last. His "Eleanora" is plainly modelled to some extent on Donne's "Anniversaries," and the only truly poetical passage in the poem was stolen from him. His influence is occasionally perceptible even in the poetry of the eighteenth century, and at the revolution at the close of that century he again became a power. He was a great favourite with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. Byron has borrowed from him; so has Shelley; while Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and Landor were his enthusiastic admirers. In our own time Browning delighted in his poetry; and it may safely be said that no other poet has had so much influence on Browning as Donne. They had indeed much in common.

But Donne's poetry has always been caviar to the general, not simply because the readers to whom it appeals have always been in the minority, but because of the difficulty of getting access to it. The old editions are both rare and expensive; the reprint in Anderson's Poets cannot be detached from the volume of which it forms only a portion, or the volume from the series to which it belongs. The only complete edition is that of Dr. Grosart, in the Fuller Worthies Library; but this was printed for private circulation, and was issued only to subscribers. Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen have therefore done a great service to all students of English literature to whom a knowledge of Donne's poems is indispensable, and to all lovers of our old poetry, in issuing these dainty little volumes. Mr. E. K. Chambers, as editor, has done his work admirably: his text has been formed with great care and judgment—his labours in this department having, no doubt, been much lightened by those indefatigable scholars, Dr. Grosart and Dr. Brinsley Nicholson—important variants in the readings have been scrupulously noted. The notes are brief and pertinent, and display everywhere sound critical judgment and ample and accurate information. We are sorry we cannot speak as favourably of Professor Saintsbury's Introduction, for of this it would, in truth, be difficult to say which is worst—the biographical portion, the critical portion, or the style generally. Donne's biography is despatched in less than three pages, or, to employ Mr. Saintsbury's own lucid expression, "with as little expenditure of art on matter as possible." But if Mr. Saintsbury minimizes the expenditure of art on matter where the expenditure would have involved a little trouble, he makes up for it by becoming a perfect prodigal where the said expenditure involves no trouble. The rest of the Introduction is simply the record of Mr. Saintsbury's personal impressions of Donne. We are informed that "he was of the first order of poets," but that he was "a lesser poet than Dante." "The finest line in English sacred poetry is," we are informed,

"As till God's great *Venite* change the song."

"What a lift and sweep it has!" is the rapturous exclamation elicited by a line in the "Progress of the Soul" which runs thus:—

"To my six lustres almost now outwore."

He feels he has shown himself "an unreasonable lover of this astonishing poet"; but "no one who thinks 'Don Quixote' a merely funny book, no one who sees in Aristophanes a dirty-minded fellow with a knack of Greek versification, no one who thinks it impossible not to wish that Shakespeare had not written the Sonnets, no one who wonders what on earth Giordano Bruno meant by Gli Eroi Furori need trouble himself even to attempt to like Donne." Then we are invited to note "the charming touch at once so literary and natural" in

"So controverted lands

Scape, like Angelica, the striver's hands."

But Mr. Saintsbury is not always in the eulogistic mood. Most readers are acquainted with Donne's pathetic lines entitled "Refusal to allow his young wife to accompany him abroad as a Page," beginning

"By our first strange and fatal interview,

By all desires which thereof did ensue";

and who can forget Hazlitt's account of Charles Lamb reading them "with suffused features and faltering tongue"? After observing that it is "one of the few pieces [of Donne] which have been praised enough, if not even a little overpraised," Mr. Saintsbury continues:—"As a matter of taste it seems to me more open to exception than the equally famous and much 'fie-fied' 'To his Mistress going to Bed,' a piece of frank naturalism redeemed from coarseness by passion and"—we wonder what is meant by this—"poetic completeness"—in other words, one of the purest, tenderest, and noblest poems ever inscribed by a chivalrous and devoted husband to his wife is "more open to exception" than a poem so revoltingly licentious and indelicate that most libertines would blush to own it. But we must do Mr. Saintsbury the justice to say that he is not always paradoxical, and occasionally we find ourselves heartily in accordance with him, as when he observes that "generally, or at least very frequently, the poet is other than his form of verse"—generally we should say he is. Homer was probably not a hexameter, or Sophocles an iambic senarius. Mr. Saintsbury's style is on a par with his criticism. The following sentence may serve as a specimen:—

"If there is less quintessence in 'The Message' for all its beauty, it is only because no one can stay long at the point of rapture which characterizes Donne at his most characteristic (*sic*), and the relaxation is natural—as natural as is the pretty fancy about St. Lucy—

'Who but seven hours herself unmasks'—the day under her invocation being in the depths of December."

We can only regret, as the purchasers of these volumes will do, that the Introduction had not been entrusted to the editor. We should, no doubt, have heard less about the redemption of coarseness by "poetic completeness," "sweeps and lifts," "familiarity for years with Donne's poetry," the people who are and who are not "fit to be readers of Donne," and the like; but we should probably have heard more about Donne himself, and about the many eminent critics who have discussed his writings, and the many eminent poets who have been influenced by them.

#### EGYPT UNDER THE PTOLEMIES.

"The Empire of the Ptolemies." By J. P. Mahaffy, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

THE story of Hellenistic Egypt, from Ptolemy, the companion of Alexander the Great, to Cleopatra, the illustrious mistress of Caesar and Antony, would be, if we possessed the record, more curious and entertaining than most episodes of history. Of that story we have only a meagre outline; but even the fragments which have been saved from the malice of time are sufficient to assure us that, if a *chronique scandaleuse* of the Ptolemies and their sister-wives, the Arsinoes, Berenices, and Cleopatras, were preserved, it would be an inexhaustible source for highly spiced works of fiction. But, owing to the lack of literary evidence, which there seems little prospect of repairing, Ptolemaic Egypt has been less seriously studied than almost any other field of ancient history. Even half-educated people have heard of the "Rosetta stone"; but how many classical scholars, if they were asked offhand with which Ptolemy that famous inscription is concerned, would know the answer? As for the popular conception of the Ptolemies, it is at once narrow and vague, representing them as a line of dissolute and effeminate princes, who indulged in the abominable practice of wedding their sisters. The Ptolemies were certainly unscrupulous, and they were generally what the French call "femmeleurs"; but many readers of Professor Mahaffy's book will be amazed at the ability of their administration and at their skill in guiding the helm of state under very difficult conditions. And it is clear to any student of the period that the practice of incestuous wedlock was not the manifestation of a depraved nature, but was the expression of a deliberate policy—an open *secretum imperii*. Nor was the practice condemned by consequences. Nature herself was so far from protesting that she almost seemed to approve. At the



conclusion of his account of the life of the great Cleopatra, Professor Mahaffy makes a most pertinent observation (p. 480):—

"Even the hostile accounts cannot conceal from us that, both in physique and in intellect, she was a very remarkable figure—exceptional in her own, exceptional had she been born in any other, age. She is a speaking instance of the falsehood of a prevailing belief that the intermarriage of near relations invariably produces a decadence in the human race. The whole dynasty of the Ptolemies contradicts this current theory, and exhibits in the last of the series the most signal exception. Cleopatra VI. was descended from many generations of breeding-in, of which four exhibit marriages of full brother and sister. And yet she was deficient in no quality, physical or intellectual, which goes to make up a well-bred and well-developed human being. Her morals were, indeed, those of her ancestors, and as bad as could be; but I am not aware that it is degeneration in this direction which is assumed by the theory in question, except as a consequence of physical decay. Physically, however, Cleopatra was perfect. She was not only beautiful but prolific, and retained her vigour, and apparently her beauty, to the time of her death, when she was nearly forty years old."

Though it is to be feared that we shall never recover memoirs of the Ptolemaic Court, much new material bearing on the more serious subject of the administrative system has been in recent years discovered in the form of papyri and inscriptions. These discoveries have given a much-needed impulse to the study of a neglected period, and, as such documents are being found continually, no field of scholarship seems likely to afford, in the near future, better opportunities for original research. Professor Mahaffy's "Empire of the Ptolemies" shows what has been done lately, and how much may still be discovered. As one of the three most learned specialists in Greek Ptolemaic papyri—the other two being Professors Lumbroso of Rome and Wilcken of Berlin—and as having at the same time a wide knowledge of ancient history, Professor Mahaffy was eminently fitted to undertake a work which required an extraordinary familiarity with a vast number of papyri and a commanding survey of the whole Hellenistic world. In his preface the author disclaims "finality" for very good reasons. This may explain a certain carelessness in composition, looseness in language, jerkiness in style. We read, for instance, of Cleopatra "bursting into indecent fury, such as an Athenian, still less a Roman, matron would have been ashamed to exhibit," where Mr. Mahaffy has failed to say what he obviously meant. On the same ground we may excuse the insertion of so many pages of Mr. Shuckburgh's translation of Polybius. It would have cost more trouble, but it might have been worth the pains, to have worked up and reshaped the material, instead of merely extracting it. One receives the impression that Mr. Mahaffy is impatient of trouble when he has no new fact to explain or original theory to develop. We must also criticize the want of method displayed in the citation of authorities. Greek and Latin passages which ought to appear in the footnotes are constantly making their way into the text.

Mr. Mahaffy has ably focussed the scattered rays of light which have been thrown on the administration of Egypt by recent researches. The Ptolemies were never in want of money, and their resources depended on an excessively heavy and exceptionally skilful system of taxation. Few things were not taxed. In the papyri we read of a salt-tax, a grazing-tax, a tax on police-protection (*φυλακτικόν*); but the largest items in the budget of income were the oil monopoly and the duty on wine. A long document, dating from the year 258 B.C., in the reign of Philadelphus, contains minute regulations framed to secure the interests of the treasury in the cultivation of the vineyards, gardens, and oil plantations of Egypt. This document, recently published by Mr. Grenfell of Queen's College, Oxford, and Mr. Mahaffy, under the name of the "Revenue Papyrus," is sadly imperfect, but it gives us a distinct idea of a complicated and singular system. It would be impossible to describe here the details of the taxation, and the relations of the tax-farming companies with the Government officials, on the one hand, and the cultiva-

tors on the other; but we must point out the ingenious way in which Philadelphus disendowed the native religion and appropriated to the State the revenue of the temples of the gods. That revenue was derived from the so-called Portion (*apomoira*), which consisted of one-sixth of the produce of the vineyards and gardens of Egypt. Ptolemy seized this enormous duty, but without secularizing it; for he appropriated it to a goddess, his deified wife Arsinoë. Large grants which he made by way of compensation can have but poorly consoled the priesthood. The tax belonged to the treasury during the strong reign of Euergetes, but the priests were doubtless only watching for a moment of weakness to recover the income of which they had been robbed. Philopator, fourth of the dynasty, was a weak ruler, dominated by favourites; and we read that he was engaged in a war against the rebellious Egyptians. The result of this revolt is not recorded, but it doubtless ended in concessions, and we may reasonably conjecture that one of the concessions was the restoration of the tax on vineyards to the temples of the gods. For in the inscription of Rosetta, which was drawn up by the priests when Philopator's son, Epiphanes, came of age and personally undertook the administration, it is mentioned among his good deeds that he ordained that "portions due to the gods from the vineyards and gardens and the other things that belonged to the gods in the time of his father should remain on the same footing." Attempts to explain this away seem to us unsuccessful and unnecessary. A few years later, indeed, Epiphanes, when he was firmly established, once more deprived the gods of their sixth.

The reign of Euergetes (247–222 B.C.) probably represents the period at which the kingdom was at the height of its power, and here, most unluckily, the sources, always meagre, fail us almost entirely. A doubtful light has been cast on this Ptolemy's conquest of Syria and lands beyond the Euphrates by a fragment, found among the Petrie Papyri which Mr. Mahaffy edited, containing bits of a narrative of a soldier who was engaged in part of the campaign. The best and most authoritative summary of the achievements of Euergetes in this expedition is in the Adule Inscription, which is also valuable as showing us exactly the extent of the foreign possessions of Egypt at the time of his accession. It is interesting to compare this list with that of Theocritus in his encomium of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The two catalogues closely correspond. But Cyprus which appears at Adule is omitted by Theocritus, and we are disposed to differ from Mr. Mahaffy and infer that, whatever be the date of the poem, the island must then have been in the hands of Antiochus of Syria. Mr. Mahaffy notices the omission of Cyrene in the list of Theocritus, and it is also omitted in the writing of Adule, though it never passed out of the suzerainty of Egypt. The explanation, we believe, is that Cyrene is regarded as a city in Libya, which is mentioned in both documents; and we may observe that Polybius (xv. 25) speaks of a "Libyarch of the Cyrenaic regions."

"The Empire of the Ptolemies" raises many interesting problems and contains some ingenious solutions. In one case Mr. Mahaffy has been exceptionally fortunate. He suggests that the remarkable Nubian king, Ergamenes, who was educated in Hellenic culture and broke through the bondage of the priesthood, lived in the reign of Philopator, and not (as the text of Diodorus states) in that of Philadelphus. This conjecture seems to have been verified a few weeks ago by the discovery at Philæ of the cartouches of Ergamenes and Philopator on the same wall.

#### CORREGGIO.

"Antonio Allegri da Correggio: his Life, his Friends, and his Time." By Corrado Ricci, Director of the Royal Gallery, Parma. From the Italian by Florence Simmonds. London: W. Heinemann. 1896.

MR. HEINEMANN has earned our warm congratulations by his enterprise. Signor Ricci's work, which will not soon nor easily be displaced from its position as the fullest and best authority on

Correggio, makes its first appearance before the world, not in Italian, nor in German—the language in which the literature of art finds, perhaps, its widest public—but in English, and from the house of a London firm. The circumstance adds to our interest in a fascinating book.

Signor Ricci has peculiar qualifications for writing of Correggio. In the first place, he is Italian: and for the intimate understanding of the Italian painters, to be a countryman of theirs is a very appreciable advantage. The majority of writers on the art of the South have been, and are, of Northern blood: and in spite of the admirable gifts which so many among them have brought to their work, inexhaustible industry and abounding sympathy, one still feels a difference, a surer insight, a more intimate touch, in the handling of the best Italian critics. Not one of the least things that we owe to Morelli is the way in which he taught us to look on Italian painting as an organic growth, and the several schools as the natural outcome of the divers races which produced them; how, for instance, the Latin race, so prodigal of great men of action, never produced a single great artist; and to revolt, therefore, against such superficial labelling as the "Roman school." Such refashioning of criticism could hardly have been possible for a foreigner. Like Morelli, Signor Ricci has all the advantage of one who writes, not from notes collected during visits in a foreign land, but as a native among natives. More than this, he is a dweller in the spot where his subject worked: the material is ready to his hand, it is part of his daily life. Noble as are the easel-pictures by Correggio in the various European collections, they do not represent him on his greatest, nor even his most characteristic, side. At Parma alone can his full glory be appreciated: and Signor Ricci, who is director of the Parma Gallery, has "a daily familiarity of many years" with Correggio's greatest works to help him.

The work deals not only with Correggio's art, but with his life; and here the author is able to correct, from first-hand research, some persistent errors. There is, however, little or no incident in the master's career; questions of date, therefore, are only of interest or importance in so far as they affect the history of his production. "He was good and honest, and lived modestly among his kindred, absorbed in his art. No audacious, heroic, or evil enterprises, no violent and unlawful passion, no catastrophes such as we read of in the biographies of Michelangelo and Benvenuto Cellini, for instance, throw a ray of light, though but a sinister one, upon his path." Our attention, therefore, is concentrated the more upon the painter and his paintings. It is, indeed, a fascinating theme, this career of barely forty years—so triumphant, so tranquil, and so full.

Few painters have been so powerfully individual as Correggio. The great Madonna with St. Francis, at Dresden, is one of his earliest pictures; he was twenty when it was painted, yet it is already characteristic and mature. Traces occur in it, no doubt, of the influence of older masters; more numerous traces in his still earlier pictures. And the chief problem connected with Correggio's work is the extent and direction of this indebtedness. Who were his teachers? who the fore-runners who had most share in moulding him? Leonardo, Mantegna, Lorenzo Costa, Melozzo da Forlì, have all been claimed, among others, as sharers in this honour. Vasari, whom, by the way, Signor Ricci defends in what seems to us a just and sensible way from the charge of wanton romancing, is silent on the subject of Correggio's masters. The popular traditional view has been, that he was, in some way or other, an offshoot of the "Lombard school"; a superficial and ungrounded fancy, founded on the spiritual kinship between Correggio and Da Vinci. Morelli, in a well-known passage, explains this kinship as resulting from the temperament of the times, the subtilization of spirit which then came over Italy and produced in the same period, but independently of each other, flowers that seem of a single family—Lotto and Giorgione, Leonardo and Correggio. That the two latter had anything to do with one another is no longer held as possible. Morelli, and with him Venturi, pronounce Correggio's master to have been the Modenese painter, Francesco Bianchi-

Ferrari. There is documentary evidence for this, but not of earlier date than the beginning of the seventeenth century. Morelli's theory is that Correggio went to Modena when he was about twelve, and that a year or two years later he entered the school of Francia, at Bologna. Signor Ricci argues against this theory. He finds the story of the visit to Modena improbable, on the score that there were plenty of painters at Correggio to teach the young Antonio; and he brings evidence, which if negative only is strong, to show that he was never in Francia's studio. Our author does not perfectly convince us in this matter: but after all, as he himself admits, it is not a question of great moment. It is acknowledged now by all that Correggio represents the final culmination of Ferrarese art, the art which was dominant throughout the Emilia, of which province his birthplace was a town. Who were his particular teachers we cannot decide with certainty. In speaking of the Ferrarese, we may remind the reader that just now is exhibited in London, at Burlington House, an exquisite early work by Correggio, "Christ taking leave of His Mother," in which the Ferrarese elements in his art are most unmistakably revealed, although the peculiar sentiment of the youthful master infuses an unusual tenderness and subtlety into a picture akin in so many outward respects, especially its colouring, to the school of Dosso Dossi. Signor Ricci has had this lovely painting reproduced for his book, and with it a "Nativity" offered not long ago, we believe, to the National Gallery, and now in the possession of Signor Crespi, at Milan. This must be, to judge from the photograph, an equally enchanting picture. But besides the strong influence of Ferrara, both of these works, more especially the latter, reveal reminiscences of a greater than any Ferrarese—Mantegna. It was at one time supposed that the Paduan master actually taught Correggio. Then documents were discovered which proved this to be impossible: and so the tendency came to be that the Mantegnesque influence was more or less ignored. Morelli lays no stress upon it; and Venturi says it had died out of Correggio's art by 1515, the date of the Dresden Madonna with St. Francis. Signor Ricci, on the contrary, brings forward convincing evidence to prove that, so far from appearing only in the earlier works, it is even more strikingly shown in the later works. The Virgin in the Madonna of 1515 is taken almost unaltered from Mantegna's altar-piece in the Louvre: the Mantegnesque devices of decoration, with bowers and garlands, reappear in the frescoes at Parma; Mantegna's types of children, and of certain saints, persist in Correggio's pictures. And from whom but Mantegna could he have learnt that audacity in attacking the problems of foreshortening from below which more and more characterizes his mature creation? Melozzo da Forlì, according to some critics, was here his pioneer and model: and, to fit their theory, they have made Correggio journey to Rome, where Melozzo had been working. But, as Signor Ricci argues, how infinitely more easy is the supposition that he went to Mantua and studied Mantegna! This hypothesis is confirmed by the fact that the Mantegnesque reminiscences are of pictures which were then at Mantua; moreover, at the same city there happened to be two Ferrarese artists, Lorenzo Costa and Dosso Dossi, whom we know Correggio must have also studied. On the whole, Signor Ricci makes out a very plausible case for his theory of Correggio's early development.

With the coming of Correggio to Parma such problems disappear; and we have the plain story of the undertaking and completion of his three great works in fresco; the ceiling at the convent at San Paolo, one of the most enchanting pieces of decoration in the world; the dome of San Giovanni Evangelista; and finally the dome of the cathedral. With regard to the last and most ambitious work, our author seems to feel that the Canon of Parma's famous phrase, "a hash of frogs," was, if not polite, not altogether unjustified. He quotes, however, some impassioned eulogies from various painters, among them Tiepolo, who, on contemplating the cupola, almost felt his faith in Titian and Veronese shaken. This is interesting; for the influence of Correggio, not less than that of

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Veronese, seems to show itself in some of the ceilings of that last great painter of Venice.

Of Correggio's later works on canvas we have also a full account; whether sacred pieces, or those wonderful pagan pictures in which, for the first time, human flesh is painted as it is—giving out light, a thing of subtle reflections and luminous glory—and in which a kind of sublimed voluptuousness, the spirit of some of the Elizabethan poets, sensuous joy rather than pleasure, is so transcendently expressed. "Antonius Laetus" Correggio sometimes signed his pictures; and his own genius seems to have allotted him his name. He is said to have had a strain of melancholy in his nature; and we can well believe it of so whole-hearted a lover of joy. It is nothing but natural, and there is no need to talk of "dual personality" in artists, as Signor Ricci does. Nor need any one be surprised that a nature of so much sweetness, modesty, and charm was also one of the most powerful and self-sufficing individualities that art has known. It is the glory of art that the aggressiveness which is perhaps the chief ingredient in what the world calls "character" counts for nothing where the highest place may be won by a power so little formidable as serene and abundant joy.

#### GEORGE JOHN ROMANES.

"The Life and Letters of George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S." Written and edited by his Wife. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1895.

"Mind and Motion and Monism." By George John Romanes. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1895.

THE sincerest devotion to the memory of a husband and a militant piety are qualities worthy of the most respectful consideration; but they are not complete equipment for a biographer. Mrs. Romanes has made no attempt to depict the intimate life of her husband, to let the world see him as his friends knew him. That he was rich, that he was an ardent worker, that he was devoted to sport, that he liked Beethoven, that he conducted a service at his shooting-lodge, and that "serious efforts had to be made to prevent him reading too long a sermon"; that he presented sonnets to his friends, and that he thought it "a nuisance" when he discovered that a man against whose views he was writing a book had anticipated "nearly all the points of his long criticisms"—not much more than these are the undifferentiating details that this biography furnishes. We quarrel the less with this reticence as Mrs. Romanes does not display signs of the unusual literary insight which might turn the biography of the least interesting person into a remarkable human document. Romanes was not a person of remarkable interest. His scientific achievements were considerable; but the most important of them—his investigations into the nervous system of jellyfish—have been embodied already in a popular treatise in the "International Scientific" series. His critical examination of theories of evolution is in process of publication; two volumes have appeared, the second of which we noticed in these columns last November, while the succeeding volumes are in capable scientific hands. For the scientific part of this biography there was left only a rather dull series of letters concerning the progress of his work. Some of these deal with details of no interest. For instance, Professor Schaefer is an eminent authority on microscopy; but it is of no interest to read letters asking him to look through preparations, lest Romanes might have missed some minutiae of structure. This is a type of one set of the letters published. Another batch concerns points in evolution; but they are given in a setting insufficient to explain them. Mr. Henslow, for instance, is an eminent authority upon his own theories; but the letters to him in which Romanes discusses these theories are unintelligible here, whereas their substance appears in its proper place in Romanes' recent volume, "Darwin and after Darwin." A number of letters from Darwin to Romanes are, indeed, interesting; they bring into greater prominence than ever the wonderful kindliness and modesty of the great naturalist; but the more important have been published already in Darwin's own Life. Indeed, after careful consideration of this

volume, we believe that the chief reason for its existence is the militant evangelism of the High Church party.

It may be remembered that, on the death of Romanes, the Rev. Mr. Gore rushed to parade him as a man brought from science to the true faith. The same zeal shines through these pages. When Romanes was at Cambridge we are told, "He fell completely under evangelical influences, at that time practically the most potent religious force in Cambridge. He was a regular communicant, and it is touching to look at the little Bible he used while at Cambridge, worn, and marked, and pencilled. . . . But of the *intellectual* (*sic*) influences in the religious world of the University he knew nothing." The contrast between evangelical influences and *intellectual* influences is a naïve testimony to the influences at work on this biography.

Shortly afterwards, the first signs of the constitutional weakness which afterwards brought about his early death appeared in a severe illness, mistaken at the time for typhoid. His convalescence was long and weary, but "beguiled in part by writing an essay on 'Christian Prayer and General Laws.' . . . Much of this essay was dictated to one or other of his sisters, and it is a curious fact that his first book and his last should have been on theological subjects; both were written while he was struggling with great bodily weakness."

Thereafter, for some years, during which he did the greater part of his scientific work and enjoyed vigorous health, he was "in a position of agnosticism, for a time almost of materialism," and in 1876 he published his anonymous but well-known "Candid Examination of Theism." From 1885 to 1892, as shown by the essays collected in the posthumous volume, "Mind and Motion and Monism," Romanes came to an intellectual position which he compared with that of the "Martyr Bruno, the most noble of all the noble army to which he belonged." He pushed to an extreme Huxley's view that materialism was impossible, and that scientific conceptions of the universe gave no proof of theism or atheism.

His fatal illness set in two years before he died. He had to abandon the greater part of his work, and, bravely as ever man did, he faced the fact that the effusions into his retina and brain would be inevitably fatal. Those who care for the familiar attitude and language of a devout lady, writing of her departed husband, may read in these pages how this illness "grew to be a mount of purification." Mrs. Romanes declares that he was not influenced by any one, priest or layman. But in the next paragraph she goes on to say, "There will always be unconscious influence, and it probably was not altogether in vain that two or three of Mr. Romanes' greatest and most intimate friends were Christian as well as intellectual men."

#### CORPORATION PLATE.

"The Corporation Plate and Insignia of Office of the Cities and Towns of England and Wales." By the late Llewellyn Jewitt. Completed by W. H. St. John Hope. London: Bemrose. 1895.

IN these two handsome volumes are contained a series of articles contributed by Mr. Jewitt to the "Reliquary" and to the "Art Journal." Mr. Hope has edited, expanded, and supplemented them. Many towns, which Jewitt had omitted, are now added, and the whole work forms a very perfect account of the treasures of art possessed by the cities and towns of England and Wales. Most readers will turn first to London, which, by the way, Mr. Hope places under Middlesex. The plate at Guildhall is very interesting. Mr. Hope shows that men carried maces at civic functions as early as 1252. In 1352, a charter of Edward III., which is here printed in full for the first time, rather recognized than conferred the right already possessed by the City of having maces of silver. More interesting even than the great silver gilt mace, made in 1735, by John White, is the "City sceptre." It is only 1 foot 6 inches in length, and is curiously made up. The oldest part may be of Saxon work, while the central knob of the shaft is of glass cut into facets by Rundell & Bridge

about fifty years ago. The head is of gold, in the shape of a coronet of crosses and fleurs-de-lis alternately, handsomely adorned with rubies, sapphires, and large pearls, and dates from the fifteenth century. The stem, in two divisions, is of crystal deeply grooved, with a band of gold running through each channel. There is nothing in the *regalia* at the Tower so old as this, and Mr. Hope observes that some parts of the sceptre, as, for example, certain rings set with pearls, resemble Byzantine work. This precious object is always in the custody of the Chamberlain, or City Treasurer, and is brought out annually when the new Lord Mayor receives it, together with the seals of office. He bears it also at a coronation. The Lord Mayor has a sword borne before him, and at first he had to provide the weapon for himself. Since 1520 it has been furnished by the Chamberlain at the expense of the City. No doubt, at first every citizen who rose to be alderman and finally mayor had and wore a sword, as part of a gentleman's outfit. The swords at present belonging to the Corporation are four in number: the pearl sword, so called from the ornamentation of the sheath: the sword of state, which is what we see held through the window of the glass coach when the Lord Mayor is within: the Old Bailey sword, which is placed over the seat of the judges at the Central Criminal Court; and, finally, the mourning sword, covered with black velvet for funerals or other special solemnities. A picture of the pearl sword shows it to be not only magnificent in the materials of which it and its scabbard are made, but also a beautiful work of art. It dates from about 1550, and is said by tradition to have been given to the City by Queen Elizabeth after the opening of the Royal Exchange in 1570; but, as Mr. Jewitt points out, this is very unlikely. The Lord Mayor's chain of office "is a most beautiful Collar of SS., one of the finest as well as the earliest known to be in existence." It was bequeathed to the City by Sir John Allen in 1544, and is of gold, with enamelled Tudor roses and knots and a portcullis in the centre. In 1607 a jewel, still worn, was added as a pendant. It consists of an onyx carved in relief with the City arms, surrounded by a motto in diamonds on blue enamel. An outer border is modern, and shows eight roses with shamrocks and thistles in diamonds. There are extremely good woodcuts of the City seals, one of which is of special interest, being dated in 1381. It is also curious as proving the absurdity of a prevalent notion that the "dagger" in the City arms represents that with which Walworth slew Walter Hilliard, better known as Wat Tyler. But it is on record that this seal, having been ordered and made some time before, was approved and adopted on 17 April, 1381; the dagger is the sword emblematical of St. Paul, and we know that Wat Tyler's riot and death took place on 15 June. There are many interesting notes on the "immense wealth of the plate of the City of London." The cup given by Richard III. has disappeared, but several pieces of the sixteenth century, more or less "restored," remain. When we remember that there is nothing at the Tower, except one spoon, older than the reign of Charles II., much of the City plate appears to be of rare antiquity. Mr. Jewitt printed an inventory, made early in 1867, which gives an account of all that was left. "Since this inventory was made various cups and other articles have been added," as every Lord Mayor commemorates his year of office by a gift. There are also thirty silver maces belonging to the several wards, and Mr. Hope describes them.

There is great difficulty in finding the way through these portly quartos. The headline "The Corporation Plate and Insignia of Office of the Cities and Corporate Towns of England and Wales" runs along every page, and bewilders a reader. But, with this exception, we have no faults to find. The cuts are all admirable. At Liverpool the old seal has on it not the lever, or lapwing, from which the city takes its name, but an eagle with a flower in its beak, and a scroll giving the name of St. John the Evangelist. The modern arms, granted in 1797, have neither the lever nor the eagle, but a cormorant. A man named Coney stole much of the old plate in 1784, but being discovered was duly hanged. Manchester was only incorporated in 1838, and the Lord Mayor's chain and badge only date from 1851.

The city of York, being ancient, seems rich in municipal insignia and plate. One of the swords, which is figured on p. 447, has a curious history. It belonged to the Emperor Sigismund, and hung at Windsor with his banner over the stall in St. George's Chapel from the time of his election as a Knight of the Garter, in 1416. On his death, at a solemn mass for the repose of his soul, it was offered at the high altar. The Dean gave it or sold it to one of the Canons, who, being rector of Middleton in Yorkshire, presented it to the city in 1439, and there it remains. Another sword, presented by Richard II., was considered too precious for use. It was "put by" so carefully that it has long disappeared altogether. There is still a sword given by Sir Martin Bowes, a native of York, when he was Lord Mayor of London, in 1545, "for a remembrance." The successive Lords Clifford enjoyed the privilege of carrying the sword before the Lord Mayor. Clifford's Tower remains in York, and it is possible that they held an office analogous to that of Monfitchett or Fitzwalter, the commanders of the forces of London. Some heraldry in the Introduction deserves special commendation. Altogether this is a delightful book, well written, well annotated, and admirably illustrated.

#### FICTION.

"The Voice of the Charmer." By L. T. Meade. London: Chatto & Windus. 1895.

"The Woman in the Dark." By F. W. Robinson. London: Chatto & Windus. 1895.

"The Master of the Musicians." By Emma Marshall. London: Seeley & Co. 1896.

"THE Voice of the Charmer" is an ingeniously silly book, full of rambling incoherencies about forged wills and disguised identities. The "charmer" is a particularly repulsive young man, with occult powers that are intended to be very "creepy," but merely succeed in rousing a faint amusement. He has an attractive unexpectedness about him; when he is not gazing into the eyes of good-looking young women, by way of inciting them to perpetrate dark crimes for his sake, he is "willing" them to come to his rooms at night. When he wills, "the cold dew on his forehead drops down in great drops." His ultimate death, in the middle of "an awful bang—a terrific crash," on the last page, is by far the most satisfactory episode in his career. "The Woman in the Dark" is a purely sensational story, and very good of its kind. The startling situations are effectively done, and the necessary improbabilities of a modern tale dealing with secret murders are cleverly carried off. "The Master of the Musicians" is a tale of Handel's day, and gives an entertaining picture of the master, his tempers and enthusiasms and his generous deeds, especially in connexion with the Foundling Hospital, always his pet charity.

"The Long Vacation." By Charlotte M. Yonge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

"The Apotheosis of Mr. Tyrawley." By E. Livingston Prescott. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1896.

Miss Yonge's is a voice from the past, which has lost curiously little of its old crispness of pleasant tone. "The Long Vacation" might well have been written the year after "The Pillars of the House," as far as brightness and vigour are concerned. It will hardly make her a favourite, however, with any new readers; there is too intimate a memory of her former books and all their characters about this last for it to be anything more than a sequel. In fact, the unexplained allusions and the mass of proper names are sometimes a little bewildering. There is not enough plot, independent of reminiscence, to give more entertainment to a reader than an outsider would draw from assisting at the conversation of two old friends who discussed people and places unknown to their listener, however full of interest to themselves. Still, there are quite enough of us living who remember every member of Miss Yonge's favourite Underwood family and their kindred and greet the second generation thereof with interest, to ensure a welcome for "The Long Vacation," apart from the almost personal attachment one feels for its veteran author.



As for "Mr. Tyrawley" and his apotheosis, it is difficult to deal with him. Formerly the novelette hero came frankly on the stage with his penny-price marked upon him in plain figures; his elegant languor, phenomenal strength, Greek profile, and sulphureous fascination were unmistakable; one labelled him and laid him to rest. Now all is otherwise. He betrays an uncomfortable occasional humanity, even the incongruity of humour—he is a corpse galvanized into grotesque semblance of life, and not the amiable dummy, well tailored and moustachioed, that we knew. In this particular case Mr. Tyrawley is an Apollo-like adventurer with an "easy royalty of manner" and a little habit of cheating at cards. His affection for a particularly pure young girl induces him to mend his ways, and he departs perplexingly from the tradition of his kind by "setting up for a coster," and endeavouring to retrieve in the artless East End the character he lost in his former haunts of sin. A benevolent uncle and a wedding complete his apotheosis, and leave us not unsympathetic—he came quite near being a man and a brother; and the prejudice against a Greek profile and "the figure of an athlete of six feet," combined with "the complexion of a delicate girl," is probably unreasonable.

"A Commonplace Girl." By Blanche Atkinson. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1895.

"In the Sweet West Country." By Alan St. Aubyn. London: G. V. White & Co. 1895.

"Mid Green Pastures." By E. Rentoul Esler. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1895.

"A Commonplace Girl" deals with a disinterested curate who gives up the girl of his heart to the man of hers, after clearing up the lovers' quarrel that separated them. The girl is a nice, frank specimen of the type usually considered peculiarly "English." She forgives a mere inconstancy in her lover, but cannot bear that he should have committed a dishonourable action. She is far too good for any one of the male characters, except, perhaps, the self-sacrificing curate. To reward him with a busy parish in "an important manufacturing town" is rather niggardly in the author, especially as the book is full of nice girls. The sanity of the views on women scattered here and there is refreshing:—"If a girl can ride and row, dance, walk, and play tennis, she has those five physical defences against unhappiness. Then, if she has also some love for music and art and books, and cares a little, intelligently, for flowers and animals, or for sewing, or even cookery, she has so many sources of happiness in her own control." Once upon a time these would have been thought truisms. An intervening flood of morbid neurotics has given wholesome freshness to the simple doctrine.

"In the Sweet West Country" is a shallow but rather pretty little story of a farmer's daughter, wooed by a suitor of high degree. She renounces him for the good of his ancient name; on which he marries the inevitable stately cousin Geraldine, and the humbler maid contents herself with an ardent local doctor. The writing is as trivial as the plot, but readable enough, and graceful in parts. "Mid Green Pastures" is as good as "The Way they Loved at Grimpat," and that is saying a great deal. All the village tales are finished little "nutshell novels," full of undemonstrative pathos and irresistible sly humour. It is difficult to choose a favourite out of the collection of sketches: all are thoroughly charming and satisfying to an unusual degree.

"Miss Dorothy Marvin." By J. C. Snaith. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1895.

"On the Threshold." By Isabella Ford. London: Edward Arnold. 1895.

"At the Sign of the Guillotine." By Harold Spender. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

"Down the Village Street." By Christopher Hare. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1895.

"Miss Dorothy Marvin" is a capital tale concerning one Black Ned, a glorious young ruffian who robbed the king's highway in the seventeenth century. His adventures go with a fine swing from capture to escape, from escape to capture again, and at last even to the gallows-tree. Needless to say, he is not hanged,

but escapes for the last time, and marries Mistress Dorothy, the bravest and most winning maiden we have met for a long time. It is something to have written four hundred and thirty pages of small print with hardly a dull line among them. We shall look out for the next book by this author, sure of unlimited fun and *verve*, and enough exciting adventure to satisfy the most blood-thirsty schoolboy.

"On the Threshold" is amusing. Two "earnest" young girls, of the modern type, not exaggerated, are living together in rooms and embracing the world in their general mission "of setting wrong right." Their efforts end, with rather unkind humour on the author's part, in the anti-climax of a happy marriage in the case of the prettier of the two. Whether she continues her ardour in the bettering of other people's lives we are not told.

"At the Sign of the Guillotine" is a somewhat presumptuous version of Robespierre's love affairs and their consequences, mixed up with a mass of conscientious detail on the subject of the French Revolution. There is one scene of some power, where the author describes the Convention in revolt against its tyrant.

"Down the Village Street" is a series of the pitilessly accurate studies of rural life which are gradually slaying the urban idea of country innocence. The book would be more telling than it is but for the fatiguing dialect. It is asking a good deal of a reader to expect him to translate his story as he goes along. Much might be learnt from Mr. Hardy in this respect; he loses none of his realistic effects by not overdoing the local manner of speech.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Keeleys on the Stage and at Home." By Walter Goodman. London: Richard Bentley. 1895.

THIS big volume contains two valuable items—a playbill and an appreciation of Robert Keeley by Dickens. The rest is made up of unsatisfactory and disjointed small talk, interesting here and there because everything connected with the play reflects some of the glamour of the footlights. Mr. Goodman has been very diligent in squeezing dry any little fact he has been able to pick up about the Keeleys; but the slender material with which he started did not justify him in launching out upon a biographical notice of this length.

"Poems of the Day and Year." By Frederick Tennyson. London: John Lane. 1895.

Sunny morning breezes, whispering trees, fresh fountains, laughing woodlands, river-slopes, and perchance a vision of the virgin huntress as she gleams white by the pebbly lake—such is Mr. Frederick Tennyson's subject. "O ubi campi Spercheusque!"

"If only one sweet nymph with sunny brows

Would teach me all her ancient woodland song;

Till I had learned such pure and simple breath,

As, poured into the dusty ears of kings,

Would make them thirsty for a wild-rose wreath,

Turf walks, and thymy slopes, and fresh cold springs."

The singer's lyre responds but faintly to other themes. The following lines from his invocation to April are an almost complete revelation of what Mr. Frederick Tennyson has to say in this volume:—

" Ofttimes I mark thee stepping thro'

The mist, thy fair hair strung with dew,

Or by the great stair of the dawn

Come down by river, croft, and lawn"—

The last two lines are especially characteristic, and somehow the word "croft" illustrates his diction. "First of March" is certainly the best poem; the impression of cheerlessness and of boisterous wind is given with the happiest and most vivid touches, and the sudden transition to rapturous peace and sunniness at the approaching figure of Spring from the mountain-side could hardly have been more effective if it had been interpreted in music sung by the voice.

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" By Henry Russell. London: John Macquenn. 1895.

No one who gets through this book will escape conceiving an affection for its author—if he had not already a soft place for him in his heart. Persons who are particular, however, will not be able to get through it, for the author rambles too much, and has set down a disproportionate number of incidents and good stories that have no apparent point—this fact, more than the normal and justifiable vanity of the creator of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" explains the impression of egoism which the book leaves on the mind. But if Mr. Russell had been writing of a third person he would have put down just as many unnecessary incidents. He owns in his prologue that he lacks the technical skill to present his experiences dramatically; and

the elementary difficulty, for instance, of getting your hero from place to place without saying that he took a ticket, walked on to the platform, stepped into the train, got out and had lunch, got in again and alighted at his destination, is not to be surmounted without much skill. If the hero happens to be the author himself, this want of skill reads like extravagant egoism; for the autobiographer appears to think himself so great that everything he does is worth commemorating.

"L'illustre Dompteur." Par P. Guigou et A. Vimar. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1896.

This is a delicious children's book. M. Vimar's delicately coloured illustrations are humorous and often astonishingly graceful. The writing is equally graceful, and gay and racy as only a Frenchman knows how to make it. The child who could not be coaxed to learn French in these attractive pages about the celebrated lion-tamer and his menagerie must be stubborn indeed.

"The Bishop's Delusion." By Alan St. Aubyn. London: Ward & Downey. 1896.

Alan St. Aubyn deals with a conscientious English girl and her black lover. The book reads as if it had been written in three or four hours, and the *insouciance* with which the story is told and interlarded with hasty little homilies is not without a ghastly sort of attraction of its own. We wonder whether the author's knowledge of missionary life in Africa is as unerring as her insight into Cambridge society? But it really does not matter.

"Temptation and Toil." By the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken, M.A. London: Isbister & Co. 1895.

It would appear from the preface that these sermons had some success when they were preached; but they are not impressive in print. In the series entitled "Temptation" the preacher deals chiefly with the possible weakening of religious faith that comes from the conception of temptation—an arid subject as treated by Mr. Aitken; for, in spite of his own warnings, he persists in employing argument. When a congregation has been reminded that, with prayer and contemplation and nearness to Christ, they will be strengthened in the faith that inevitable temptation is for their good, they have been told about as much as lies within the knowledge of an ordinary man. This truth may be enlarged and deepened by words of sympathy and encouragement; but certainly an attempt at reason is barren or worse. It is not only easy, it is natural to believe that temptation resisted contributes to the development of character. That an all-powerful and all-loving God has created a tempted man is a mystery—in moments of faith and close communion an irrelevant riddle that has no real existence. And in hours of doubt and lowness not all the human logic in the world can move the difficulty by a hair's breadth. From the pulpit the logic that is brought to bear on the subject may pass muster. Set down in print, it needs no deep study of philosophy to make the reader feel the leaps backwards and forwards between two planes joined by no path, or to recognise the inevitable circle which the completed argument would trace. The addresses to working-men, under the heading of "Toil," contain a very ordinary expansion of the analogy between the workshop and the world.

We have also received "Lean's Royal Navy List" (Witherby); "Hart's Army List" (Murray); "The Clergy List" (Kelly); "The Catholic Directory" (Burns & Oates); "The Baptist Handbook" (Veale, Chifferiel, & Co.); "Royal Blue Book" (Kelly); "The Musical Directory" (Rudall, Carte, & Co.); "The Year's Art" (Virtue); "Clubs," by E. C. Austen Leigh, M.A. (Spottiswoode); Eleventh Edition of Robert Routledge's "Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century" (Routledge); "Arabic-English Vocabulary of the Colloquial Arabic of Egypt," compiled by Socrates Spiro (Quaritch); "The Statistical Year-Book of Canada" for 1894 (Government Printing Bureau, Ottawa); "New Zealand Official Year-Book," 1895 (Eyre & Spottiswoode); Vol. XIII. of the "English Men of Letters," containing "Bacon," by R. W. Church, "Bunyan," by J. A. Froude, "Bentley," by R. C. Jebb (Macmillan); Vol. II. of the "Eversley" edition of Green's "History of the English People"—1216-1400—(Macmillan); Pocket Edition of "The Water-Babies" (Macmillan); a new edition of Thomas Taylor's "Select Works of Plotinus," in Bohn's Philosophical Library, with Preface and Bibliography by G. R. S. Mead, B.A., M.R.A.S. (Bell); "Kenilworth," 2 vols., and "Pirate," 2 vols., in Archibald Constable's reprint; George Eliot's "Essays" and "The Spanish Gipsy," in W. Blackwood's "Standard Edition"; "General Index" to the "Journal of the Institute of Bankers," Vols. I.-XV., 1879-1894 (Blades, East, & Blades); third enlarged and corrected edition of "Annuities to the Blind," by the late Edmund G. Johnson, to which is added a general register of blind annuitants (Simpkin, Marshall).

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Mr. LESLIE NORMAN cables as follows:—

"Two well-defined and strong veins of Ironstone run through Lease 1440K. The outcrop runs East and West. It has been well prospected by a Shaft of 65 ft. depth, cut at right angles, following the course of vein in each case, consisting mostly of ironstone and quartz. Having made the most careful examination, I conclude from this that Ore-bodies in large quantities exist therein."

"In 1482K Lease, two veins of gold-bearing quartz run N.W. which are working with good prospects of success in the centre of Lease. It has an outcrop of considerable width of Ironstone."

"Another vein bearing about W. by N. gives evidence of Ironstone. The Ore is highly auriferous. I picked up samples of Ore showing traces of gold, consisting of schistose, quartz, and Ironstone."

This has subsequently been confirmed by Mr. LESLIE NORMAN's Report, dated 17th October, 1895, wherein he states:—

"There are also a couple of east and west quartz veins, apparently running into the northerly ore-bodies."

"The surface indications are of an extremely favourable character, and establish the existence of three parallel ore-bodies, corresponding in every respect to the 'Hannan's Mullocky' formations. In my judgment, the development of the property will be attended with gratifying results."

Mr. FEARBY reports by cable:—

"LEASE 1440K. Two strong well-defined veins of Ironstone traverse the property running N.W. and S.E. On the Cap of the main, two Costeanes, 17 ft. wide, have been dug at right angles on the full breadth of the lode. Another well-defined lode extends S.W., and joins the above in the centre of Lease, which appears to come down the Hill."

"On the other side of the Hill exists another outcrop of the lode."

"In conclusion of my Report I say that, owing to the favourable situation and formation of ground, which is very similar to the richest mines in the neighbourhood, the mine will be very remunerative."

Timber is plentiful for fuel and for mining."

The above has been confirmed by a subsequent Report, dated October 18th, 1895, wherein Mr. FEARBY says:—

"The mines are situated about 2½ miles north of the Hannan's Township, on the Broad Arrow Road, and are part of the belt of country extending north from 'Hannan's,' and I am of opinion that it will be traced to the lakes between 'Hannan's' and the 'Arrow.'"

"About the centre of the outcrop there is another large formation, bearing S.S.W. and N.N.E. This has the appearance of coming from the large ironstone capped hill that stands in the centre of the two blocks, and up to the

present all of these ironstone hills are the capping of the lode formation in this part of the field, the gold and the ironstone being associated in every instance. In some instances they carry very rich gold at the junction with the large lodes traversing this rich belt of country."

Mr. HENRY M. DEAKIN says:—

"I can only confirm the foregoing statements. I have doliied an average sample, the result has been 3 oz. of gold per ton."

"I strongly recommend the Mines. The titles are in perfect order, transfer deeds are registered according to instructions, and lodged with the Bank of Western Australia."

The *Times* of January 6, 1896, writing of the Coolgardie Gold Fields, says:—"It is impossible for any one who has visited and traversed the Coolgardie (Hannan's District) Gold Field, and has used his eyes, to doubt the great future of this vast auriferous area." The same writer says, in regard to the lodes on the Coolgardie Gold Field:—"The precious metal is well disseminated through the stone, and the assays of often poor-looking quartz yield quite surprising results. Moreover with depth, these reefs have invariably, so far as present experience goes, improved, and there is all the certainty that is possible in mining engineering that their permanency to an indefinite depth is assured." It did not need this expression of opinion of a writer in the *Times* to confirm the great value of the Coolgardie Goldfields, but it is satisfactory to place it on record because it comes from a journal of such eminence.

S. G. GOEDEL, one of the West Australian Government Geologists, who, in his Official Report presented to Parliament, says:—

"Kalgoorlie (Hannan's)..... The gold deposits here are a network of lodes and veins striking in different directions. A great many lodes are worked in this locality, and, judging from the already exposed ore deposits, Kalgoorlie will become one of the richest gold-mining centres in the Central Goldfield of Western Australia."

It can safely be said that nothing in the whole history of gold-quartz mining can compare with the great value of mines in the "Hannan's" District; and the richness of the lodes is conclusively proved by crushings obtained from the different properties. The "Great Boulder" Company during its short existence has produced something like 28,000 ounces of gold from 4,550 tons of quartz, an average of over 6 ounces per ton.

Many equally phenomenal instances of the great richness of properties being worked in this district could be given, and the following is a list of a few Companies situated in the vicinity of the "Hannan's Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited," with the Premiums at which the Shares stand, and will give intending Investors some idea of the great value and unique situation of this Company's property.

	Whose £1 Shares are quoted at	Or a Premium of about
Cassidy Hill .....	1½	80 per cent.
Associated Gold Mines ..	1½	87½ per cent.
Kalgoorlie Gold Mines ..	1½	75 per cent.
Hannan's True Blue ....	1½	90 per cent.
Lake View .....	2½	150 per cent.
Hannan's Reward .....	3½	275 per cent.
Great Boulder .....	5½	475 per cent.
Hannan's Brownhill ....	6½	550 per cent.

It will be seen from the foregoing table that the shares of the "Hannan's Brownhill Company" command the largest premium—viz., something like 550 per cent., the £1 shares being quoted on the 15th February at 6½. Yet the property possessed by the Company consists of about 12 acres, whereas the property to be acquired by this Company, and which is in the line of the various lodes that have been opened up through the "Brownhill," is 48 acres in extent, or four times as large. It is evident, therefore, that this issue of shares affords a splendid opportunity for the investor to acquire an interest in a well-situated property on very easy terms.

The price to be paid for the property has been fixed at £120,000, payable: as to £20,000 in cash, and as to the balance, one moiety in fully paid-up shares, and the other moiety in fully paid-up shares or cash, at the option of the Directors, leaving £30,000 available for subscription for Working Capital, which has been guaranteed.

The following contract has been entered into:—An Agreement dated the 1st day of January, 1896, made between the Finance Corporation of Western Australia, Limited, of the one part, and the Company of the other part, being an Agreement for resale at a profit to the Company. The said Agreement, together with the said reports, plans, and prints of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, can be inspected at the offices of the Solicitor of the Company. Agreements have been entered into with third parties in respect of the formation of the Company and the subscription of part of its capital, to none of which the Company is a party. Applicants for shares will be deemed to have notice of the contents of these, and to have waived their rights (if any) to particulars thereof, whether under section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

The vendors will pay all the expenses of and incident to the formation and promotion of the Company up to and including the first allotment of Shares.

Application for Shares should be made on, or in accordance with, the form enclosed in the Prospectus, and sent with the required deposit to the Bankers of the Company. If the Shares allotted be less than the number applied for, the surplus of the amount paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the amount due on allotment, and where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full. Prospectuses and Application Forms may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and also of the Bankers and Brokers.

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